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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING  
ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Henry W. Tracy.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE DEAR DISAPPOINTED DUDE.

HE INVITES A PRETTY CHORISTER TO SUPPER AND SHE ACCEPTS THE INVITATION FOR HER WHOLE FAMILY.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, March 21, 1885.

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**RICHARD K. FOX,**

Franklin Square, New York.

SPRING forgot to fetch its ethereal mildness.

IF Gen. Hazen wants a speedy trial he ought to be accommodated.

WE knew it would have that effect. Gen. Grant's condition is much improved.

GEN. WOLSELEY had his revenge on the war correspondents. He had them all shot.

CLEVELAND is the first workingman this country has had at its head for many years.

GROVER CLEVELAND should never take the horseshoe from the door. His luck might change.

THE Dominion courts do not recognize the free and easy divorces obtained by Canadians in the States.

IF Russia should tackle John Bull's head while El Mahdi keeps a grip on his tail there would be a howl that would be heard from pole to pole.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., furnishes the latest case of a defaulting bank teller, who has probably reached the hospitable lines of the Dominion by this time.

THE New York *World* proved to be the best cabinet guesser in the country. It had the correct slate before any other newspaper. The *World* has a great head.

IT is said that a great many darkies in Washington are strutting about in pants that were discarded and given away by ex-President Arthur several weeks ago.

ULYSSES S. GRANT's uncomplaining conduct during the most exquisite torture is even a greater test of his heroism than ever was the Battle of Shiloh or the campaign in the Wilderness.

A SCIENTIST claims to have made the discovery that if a fiddle be played in the midst of a flock of geese they will immediately begin marching about in a circle. He was a spectator at a Delmonico ball when he made the discovery.

MITCHELL, a town in Dakota, wants to be the capital of the State. As an inducement it offers to board the members for four dollars a week. That's cheap enough, provided the members are allowed a glance at the bill of fare in advance.

THE Cleveland authorities have put their feet down upon spirits. But they are not the kind that are drunk, neither are they the sort that are seen. The mediums were jailed, while their good, kind, simple-minded dupes were allowed to make their exit.

DR. BLOWITZ, in a letter to the London *Times*, calls Prince Bismarck a liar. If the clouds of war do not grow darker, and the tail of the British lion get an extra hard twist, many people will be surprised. But the idea of a Blowitz assailing Bismarck!

THE fellows who want offices are said to be sitting on the doorstep at Washington awaiting their turn. Some of them will have to wait till the robins nest again. The doorstep follows will fill all the offices four or five times and then leave a balance big enough for 1880.

JUDGING from the fact that a Sunday-school teacher has recently been convicted in Kansas of seducing eleven girls, between the ages of eleven and fourteen, the morality of that bleeding commonwealth has not been improved by the Evangelist St. John and the prohibition law. Sometimes the girls are to blame in a case of this kind—indeed, quite frequently.

#### SETTLING THE QUESTION.

It goes without saying and without contradiction that the world-wide "boom" of the boxing art in America was due to the determination with which the POLICE GAZETTE rallied to its sustenance in the darkest days of its history. The service done, at considerable risk, expense and annoyance, by Richard K. Fox to the good cause on this continent is justified every day in the columns of every daily newspaper in the United States.

It is a fashion among a good many of them to denounce the GAZETTE as the parent of modern pugilism in this country—but it is none the less true that they copy our news and repeat with equal if not quite as candid zest all that appears in these columns about boxing and boxers.

It is due, in short, to Richard K. Fox and the POLICE GAZETTE that every real live American newspaper gives at least half a column a day to the gossip and the feats of the boxing arena.

It is because he means to keep up this growing interest in a lawful exercise and diversion—an interest attributable to the strenuous way he first boomed the sport—that Mr. Fox has contributed all he can to bring about another scientific contest between the two biggest men in the universal prize ring—John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan. On the match now arranged between them and secured by Mr. Fox's cover of Ryan's forfeit, the eyes of the entire sporting world will be intently fastened. That match will prove not only the prowess of the better man of the two, but, as well, the immortality of the manly and wholesome art they profess.

And this Richard K. Fox does, not because he is a manager or a speculator, not because he desires to make money by the issue of the contest, but simply and solely to prove that whenever any lawful sport, or art or science needs an energetic fillip it will get it at the hands of the POLICE GAZETTE.

#### AND STILL THEY COME.

UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.,

March 8, 1885.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I write to ask a favor of you. I am a student here, in my junior year, and I have now reached the end of my allowance, so must either borrow enough money to put me through or earn it. I prefer to earn it. It is quite a hard job to work one's way through college, but thus far I have done quite well. I wish to ask you if you could find any employment for me which would pay me well. I could teach boxing or gymnastics, and in fact I am very eager to do anything to help myself along. I am teaching boxing here in the college, and have a good number of pupils. I do not wish to boast, yet I can say that I know quite a little about sparring, and am quite sure I could hold my own with any of the would-be pugilists who go about the country challenging people. What I want is some position at which I could save enough money in the next six or eight months to put me through college next year. I could leave here about the middle of April, and could work till the 1st of December and then come back and graduate the following June. Having gone so far through college, I hate to give up now, and am very anxious to go through. I intend to study law as a profession, and any favor you would do me now would never be forgotten. I have no doubt but once my career begins as a lawyer I would soon be able to pay back any help I get from any person now. As I said before I prefer to earn all I can, so if you could get me a position in any gymnasium in N. Y. city or would take me in hands I would, perhaps, make a creditable showing in any glove contest which you would seem fit to enter me for. I am six feet in height and weigh about 174 pounds, am in my twenty-third year and have study boxing as a science since I was ten years old. While I have been in college I have been teaching it and have had quite a good chance to study and practice it. Now if you will answer this and would like to see me I could run down to N. Y. any day but would have to come back the same day. I think if you let me go to see you and could see what I am and know my circumstances and how eager I am to get along I think you would feel safe in helping me to work my way through college. I have spent the last four or five summers in N. Y. and know the city pretty well, have also visited the different boxing places and am confident that I would make as good a show as any of the many boxers I have seen perform in N. Y. Hoping to hear from you I remain yours truly J. MCQUADE.

P. S. My address is

JAY MCQUADE,  
Schenectady,  
(Box 630) N. Y.

Richard K. Fox's position as the Boss Philanthropist of the Universe is getting a trifle irksome. He wouldn't admit the fact to every one but he doesn't mind confessing to the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE that this business of Indiscriminate Benefaction is somewhat of a bore. When he established the POLICE GAZETTE, not as a great influential newspaper, but a mere source of wealth to distribute among those of the poor and needy who had a sheet of note-paper and a postage-stamp left, he hadn't any idea of the kind of a contract he had undertaken. It isn't the signing of the checks that grows tiresome, be it understood. That he does cheerfully for all mankind. But it is the necessity of reading the letters demanding his help, which he kicks against.

In the course of his career Richard K. Fox

has been tackled by a good many Jays, but he is free to admit that the Union College variety of Jay is the most remarkable that has, so far, ever struck him. The simplicity of this particular Jay—the pathos of his letter, the blind confidence he displays in the imbecility and fatuousness of the unknown man to whom he writes a request he might just as reasonably address to the President of the United States and the Emperor of Brazil—on these touching grounds, how can he give a harsh answer to the gifted young student of Schenectady?

No! He shall have the reward of his enterprise and his child-like confidence. He shall be equipped with a belt inscribed "The POLICE GAZETTE Champion Law Student." Matches shall be arranged for him as "The Schenectady Terror," and a fabulous forfeit shall back him, either in the forum or the ring, against any heavy-weight judge or double-handed attorney-at-law in the country—bar Judge Duffy.

As soon as Senator Evarts, Roscoe Conkling, or the Hon. Joseph Choate can be persuaded to put up his hands and his money, Richard K. Fox will see that Jay McQuade, POLICE GAZETTE Champion Law Student, shall meet him in the 24-foot ring, under the revised Barrett rules, with seconds, referee and time-keepers judicially indorsed by the Bar Association.

And when, as it must come round in proper time, Jay McQuade passes swiftly and brilliantly through all the phases of a legal career, and when, twenty years from now, by virtue of his quenched, boundless and inexhaustible cheek, Jay McQuade has clambered on the Bench of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, with what pride and satisfaction will Richard K. Fox reap the reward of his patronage and generosity in the sight of the glorious diamond-studded belt which will proclaim Jay McQuade POLICE GAZETTE Champion Chief Justice!

A PHYSICIAN advises everybody to ascertain what diseases have carried off his ancestors, with a view to guarding himself; but suppose a man finds that his great-great-grandfather was drowned at sea, his great-grandfather took poison, his grandfather was hanged, and his father was elected Vice-President, what is he going to do?

THE bill to whip wife-beaters was defeated in the Pennsylvania Senate by a small majority. It ought not to be defeated in New York. While there are a few minor objections that can be urged against the measure, its good points far outweigh its bad points. The brute who will beat a woman deserves lashes on his bare back.

AND now a man has been caught in Pennsylvania who has been palming off John Wesley's sermons on large congregations. They were Methodist congregations, too, and the joke is that nobody in the congregations discovered that the discourses were old. It was a newspaper man who caught on to the plagiarism.

THE capital invested in roller-skating rinks in this country already is estimated to be at least \$10,000,000. For many years the American people have needed something of this kind. Those who could find no enjoyment in smoking, drinking, riding or boating themselves to death can now roll themselves into the blissful hereafter, locked in the embrace of some loved one—or some other fellow's loved one, as the case may be.

A GERMAN scientist says the brain and spinal cord are conductors, "and hence a lightning stroke on the head does not materially injure the brain beyond shattering the nerves and causing temporary derangement." This is a sweet consolation; but all the same, during a thunder-storm ninety-nine women out of one hundred will shut themselves up in a dark room or take refuge in a cellar.

Richard K. Fox, who is one of the villified men of the press, is at the same time one of the most generous and enterprising. He has made sporting men comparatively honest by the influence and power he wields and exercises with his *Police Gazette*—the best sporting paper in the world. In the "Sweet By and By" when men shall be adjudged by what they are and have been, and not by what they seem, we have an idea that Richard K. Fox will have an advanced place in the procession, for whatever he may be that is displeasing to the straightest sort of Pharisees, Mr. Fox is not a hypocrite.—*Elmira Tidings*.

Thanks awfully for this pleasant let up on the usual torrent of ignorant and ill-founded abuse.

A CANADIAN newspaper, which is evidently abreast of the times, says: "We have just received from New York a very ingenious, useful and pretty little piece of American manufacture. It is of brass, highly polished, and has an opening in it through which to pass the hand. Then, when the fingers close on it, a set of brass knobs adjust themselves over the fingers and fit on to the bent points. It is called a knuckle-duster. It is now in the possession of our collector, who is just about to commence his rounds with our accounts. Any person wishing to ascertain its use can do so by refusing to pay up when he calls upon them."

#### SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



Except among some of the small fry of the press-gang of New York, there is one newspaper man who is hailed everywhere as the prince of good fellows, the keenest-witted, most experienced and most versatile of journalists and the truest and warmest of friends. London brags of its George Augustus Sala and Paris of its Albert Wolff and its Arsene Houssaye—but neither London nor Paris ever turned a match for our own "Joe" Howard. He is amazingly well informed, knows every public man in America, invented interviewing, writes the snappiest and most crystal English, makes away in the most prodigal humanity at least half of what he makes. There is no newspaper man of his day and generation who isn't proud and fond of the restless, mercurial, cynical and great-hearted but bald-headed Joseph.

T. M. Malone, the professional champion sprint runner, of Australia, represents the agent of a Rochester, N. Y., patent-medicine firm in that country.

Ex-Chief John Decker was on Feb. 27 re-elected president of the Exempt Volunteer Firemen's Association of this city. Ed. Gilon was elected vice-president.

The "Champion Pie Eater of Dobie's Ferry," N. Y., is one George Patterson, who recently devoured 21½ pies. He ate the first pie in 1½ minutes, and the first ten in 25 minutes.

John Meagher, D. J. Herty, J. Hourihan and other professional peds have been taking regular exercise in the Young Men's Christian Association gymnasium in Boston, Mass.

"Pop" Whittaker's many warm friends will rejoice to know that he has recovered from his late severe illness, and is able to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine again. He is in Erie, Pa.

George Hazel's license was revoked by the Brooklyn Excise Commissioners on Feb. 20. This was the penalty inflicted for selling liquors at the "Walker's Rest," Williamsburgh, on Sunday.

Capt. Dalton had a narrow escape from cashing in recently, being a passenger in one of the wrecked cars in the smash-up on the Illinois Central Railway. He had started for New Orleans, there to again meet Cleary.

State Fish-Inspector Matthew Kennedy last week arrested William Jones and Edward Lurgotten, of Yonkers, and William Cable, of Peekskill, N. Y., for having in possession striped bass weighing less than the regulation weight—one-half pound.

Daniel D. Driscoll is now proprietor of "The Aquatic," a well-patronized "pub" in Lynn, Mass. He will have a better opportunity to indulge in his favorite exercise this year than last, when his duties as a policeman interfered with his practice.

Harry Pritchard, of New York, angler and expert fly-caster, offers to match himself and Jas. Ramsbottom to fish for trout in a friendly contest against any two men in the United States, "taking three days' fishing on any fresh water trout stream, not having been previously fished by the contestants, within 300 miles of New York, for the expense of the trip, or for a stake if preferred."

Adam Olt, for over a quarter of a century proprietor of a public house at No. 60 Greenwich Avenue, much frequented by politicians, sporting men and other residents of the Ninth Ward, died Feb. 27, after an illness of some weeks, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. His demise excited general sorrow in the neighborhood where he was so well known, and among those who were present at the funeral, March 1, were a number of prominent individuals.

Mrs. Elliott, "mother of the late Jimmy Elliott," has for some months past been in a deplorable condition mentally. Time has not sufficed to assuage her deep grief over the violent death of her only son and chief support, and continual brooding over her great sorrow has quite wrecked her reason. She resides in the old house on Forsyth Street, and requires constant watching in order to prevent her inflicting injury upon herself during frequent paroxysms of grief.

The statement in the *Cyclist and Athlete* to the effect that G. Lacy Hillier and his sister would pay a two months' visit to America this year, and during their stay ride a sociable, has elicited the following from the *Tricyclist* (English): "We have but three slight corrections to make, viz: That, as far as he knows, G. Lacy Hillier will not visit the States next year (much as he would like to), that he wouldn't ride a sociable if he did go, and that he has not got a sister. With these slight corrections, the item may be taken as approximately correct."

## DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Novel and Interesting Dramatic Exhibition Given By Some of the "Finest in the World."

No theatrical performance of modern times has occasioned half the nervous interest fostered by the recent production of Gilbert & Sullivan's best opera at the Academy of Music by a company made up, ex-



Roundsman Hickey as Gen. Stanley.

clusively, of policemen. When Inspector Thorpe first received the suggestion that the well-known and universally admitted dramatic talents of the force should be practically utilized he was shocked to the very center of his being.

It was an innovation, that bare idea, which actually



Officer Schnitzel as Ruth.

snatched of sacilege. "What?" he cried, "a copper so far forget himself and the dignity which goes with his buttons as to talk of appearing on the stage for money—perish the base and meretricious thought!"

But it didn't perish. On the contrary, it grew and grew and grew until even the gallant but conservative



Sergeant Gibson as the Pirate King.

Inspector himself saw where both glory and profit could be safely expected to come in.

When the proposition was first laid before the Com-

missioners, Gen. Porter, fainted from alarm and consternation and Mr. French gasped for air.

But thanks to the "push" and vigor of the chief of the department, an unwilling consent was wrung from the Honorable Board.

They consented to let the performance go on, but



Officer Wilkins as Mabel.

they insisted that every officer participating therein should wear the uniform of the Municipal Police Force.

"I can never permit," said Gen. Porter, "any officer of this body to appear in public as an officer except in the garb provided for and described in our rules and regulations. If I had my own way," he went on, "every policeman in New York, from the highest to the lowest, would be compelled to wear full uniform even in bed."

Such is real vigorous military discipline.

In vain did Capt. Williams protest that some of the characters in the opera were of the gentler sex and



Roundsman Riggs, of the Corps de Ballet.

would have to be represented by officers in feminine garb.

The Commissioner was inexorable:

"You may modify the uniform to suit individual cases," he said, banging his desk as he spoke, "but every performer, no matter what his rank or relation to the play, must be clothed after a manner to in some way identify him with the police department of the City of New York. This goes," he added as a finale.

The extraordinary effect of the decision was only too apparent in the costumes of the "peelers" when they made their bows to an admiring, not to say en-



Officer McGinley as stage manager.

raptured, audience at the Academy of Music. Roundsman Hickey, as the modern Major-General Stanley, was not seriously affected by the order. The cavalry boots, however, which were loaned him, for a line on the bills, by Mr. Solomon Matzstein, of Baxter street, were unhappily ill-adapted to infantry use and came to pieces at a most exciting moment.

The first female impersonation marred by Gen. Porter's order was that of Ruth, admirably played by Officer Schnitzel, of the Thirty-first precinct. The operatic maid-of-all-work was brilliantly suggested by the addition of a wig, his wife's underskirt and an apron to the full uniform of a patrolman.

Sergeant Gibson as the Pirate King was literally im-

mense, but Officer Wilkins, who cleverly adjusted a decollete corsage to his frock coat, was cheered to the echo as Mabel. Bouquet after bouquet rewarded his most deceptive impersonation of a young and artless prima-donna.

The triumph of the evening, however, was the debut, as a *dansuse*, of Roundsman Riggs, of the steamboat squad. He got round the uniform rule with wonderful cleverness, and his *pirouettes* and *entr' châts* were pronounced equal to those of Cavallagazi at her best.

The entire department is to be congratulated on this phenomenal performance, but if exceptional praise belongs to any one member of it, that praise must be bestowed on Officer McGinley, of the Thirteenth precinct, whose services as the gentlemanly and efficient stage manager were simply invaluable.

## STAGE WHISPERS.

Harry Siddons has joined the "Three Wives" Company.

It is expected that Nate Salsbury will succeed in securing the Comedy theatre.

Edward Morris will play the character of *Flyby* in "Domestic Earthquakes."

"Three Wives" is doing well on the road. The company is rehearsing other pieces.

Gustave Kerker will conduct the Seguin-Norman Company at the Bijou this summer.

Edwin H. Low, of the American and Colonial Exchange, returned from England last week.

Fay Templeton is to shake her relatives next season and go out under the management of E. E. Rice.

Walter Emerson is tooting his horn in Philadelphia. His New Orleans engagement did not last long.

It is thought that Lotta's little brother, now that he has cut loose of his sister's apron-strings, will starve.

Murtha Porteous proposes to head a company of her own next season in English opera. Howly Murtha!

Alice Atherton is seeding London with her photographs. People won't buy them, so she gives them away.

"Rags and Bones," Oliver D. Byron's new play, is termed by the San Francisco critics a lot of imported rot.

Mme. Jane Hading, the Parisian actress, has taken London by storm. She is a dangerous rival for Bernhardt.

William Seymour is playing *Freddy Butter-scotch*, in the "Guy-nor," with the Boston Museum Company on the road.

"O'Donohue of Nowhere" is the name of Dixie's new song. It will be sung on the two hundredth presentation of "Adonis."

The matinees which the Madison Square management proposed to give, with R. B. Mantell in a round of characters, have been abandoned.

Mrs. Nellie Sandford has canceled her engagement with Carrie Swain. She goes to Montreal to open with her new play, "Roses and Thorns."

The Hanlons will shew "Le Voyage en Suisse" at the close of the season. It is probable that all the brothers will be in "Fantasma" next season.

The Ionia (Mich.) managers tried to squeeze damages from the Two Johns because their date was lost in the snow. They lost the case and the costs.

Fanny Wentworth is playing *Jupiter* in "Ixion," and Florence Thropp *Diana*. Bebe Vining appears as *Venus*. Pauline Hall having left the company.

New Orleans has become the Mecca of a great number of theatrical companies. The Exposition languishes; the theatre flourishes like a green bay tree.

When the "Private Secretary" is withdrawn, "Broken Hearts" will be produced at the Madison Square for three weeks before any other play is presented.

Lotta will not produce E. E. Kidder's "Dorothy Dent" until she engages a new company. His new skit for the Salsbury Troubadour will be ready in April.

When the Madison Square Company go to New Orleans this month they will play "Hazel Kirke," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "Rajah," "Private Secretary" and "May Blossom."

It is rumored that John A. McCaull is figuring upon the Standard theatre. Young Plum-Duff told a friend lately that if "Gasparone" failed he would drop comic opera and go back to his cold-meat counter at Nash & Crook's.

## THE PLOT OF A CHINESE PLAY.

Chang Chow, a Yokohama interpreter, thus explained the plot of a Chinese play to an inquisitive Englishman who had witnessed its performance without arriving at any definite conclusion as to its meaning:

"Three piece girl, velly pretty. Have got father plenty rich. Two catchee husbands, one no have got. Plenty lich man wantche, mally, wut she no wantche he. By um by, isher talkie she much catchee one husband. She velly solly; no can tell who man takee she. She say she takee one ball, makee thlow; s'pose one man catchee, he belong me.

"One young man, son of big mandarin, allee same Zi Lung Chang, but he velly poor. He wantche her velly much, but he no have got money; father no like he; when he come so much bobbly (row) he makee he lun away. By um by he chin-chin Joss (god), gettee he help catchee girl.

"Joss he come: girl makee thlow ball; Joss catchee: makee give to poor young man.

"Father velly mad; say what for you wantche he; he no have got money; you no can mally. She say I takee man who can catchee ball, he belong my. My no talkee lie pid gin, s'pose he wantche, have got can do.

"Father velly mad, lun her away, no give her money. Poor young man mally her. By um by poor man catchee plenty money, empler make he his general, allee same Gen. Grant.

"The father velly solly, makee chin-chin Joss, and do more better next time."

## ROLLER RINKLES.



Tillie Johnson is a pretty little twelve-year-old girl, of Seattle, W. T., who recently beat the champion roller-skater of the Pacific Coast. She is said to be so sharp and pungent that her trim little figure is reported to roll on pepper-casters.

Polo on roller-skates is all the rage.

Dan O'Leary is learning to travel on rollers. John Hickman, of Oakland, Cal., is open to skate any man in America on rollers.

It is understood Madison Square Garden will be thrown open to roller-skaters after May 1.

At the recent skating tournament at Lynn, Mass., Mewes, Parker and Smith tied for first place.

The roller-skating rink at Boston, where all the champion roller-skaters and polo-players meet, is the Institute.

Jimmie Turner, of Brooklyn, was recently defeated by K. A. Skinner in an exhibition roller-skating tournament.

Frank Hart was a full-hand at running and walking, but he cannot do the grand whirly necessary to be a roller-skater.

Fred. W. Smith outspeeded E. A. Ober, of Lynn, in a 2-mile race on rollers in New Bedford, Mass., Feb. 23. Time, 9 minutes 57 seconds.

A roller-skating race, 2 miles, took place in the New Bedford, Mass., rink, Feb. 21. Thomas Austin defeating Fred. W. Smith in 9 minutes 58 seconds.

The debate held recently at the Wesleyan College, Cincinnati, whether roller-skating is injurious, was decided in favor of the negative. Let 'er go.

Thousands attended the 6-day roller-skating tournament at Madison Square Garden, but the tickets, it is claimed, were counterfeited, and consequently the management lost heavily.

The Pennsylvania Conference of the Evangelical Church, in session at Catawissa, on Feb. 27 declared that body opposed to roller-skating rinks, and requested members not to patronize them.

The Palace Skating Rink on Clermont avenue, adjoining the Twenty-third regiment armory, Brooklyn, is rapidly approaching completion. Twelve thousand dollars will be laid out on the improvements. The floor will be 190 feet by 85 feet. It has not yet been laid.

The meanest fellow on record is the boy who let his girl go to the roller rink alone, pay her own admission and rental for skates, and a half-hour later came up, skated all the evening with her, and then took her home past two restaurants without stopping, and then wanted her to kiss him at the gate.

Polo is quiet at present. The masquerade carnival at the Columbus Rink, Feb. 26, drew a packed house. F. W. Bliss, cashier of the Columbus, is again about, after a severe illness. S. Blumenthal has been given entire charge of the music at the Princess. W. N. King, advertising agent of the Columbus, has resigned. He will start a new paper devoted to skating and the bicycle, known as the *Ohio Rink and Roller*.

Within the past few days the roller-skating craze has struck the small boys of the east side, and they have turned the City Hall Park, between the new Court House and General Sessions, into a skating rink, where they gather after school every day by hundreds. On Sunday a great crowd of boys and girls were there. The event of the day was to be a race between Larry Flynn and Pat Anderson, both of the Swamp, but the crowd flocked around them so closely that the race could not take place. "It's the proper thing now to take your girl to the City Hall Park for a skate," said one little fellow.

A necktie and apron competition took place at the Casino skating rink in Flushing, L. I., recently, and created much amusement. Neckties and aprons of every design, and of most extravagant dimensions, were to be seen on all sides. The first prize in the necktie competition, a handsome cameo finger-ring, was won by Mr. Albert D. Fell, who sported a necktie fifteen feet long. The second prize, a season ticket for the rink, was awarded to Mr. Ralph Curtis. Miss Sadie Smith, daughter of D. P. M. James Smith, wore the largest apron, and was awarded the first prize, a valuable finger-ring set with pearls. Her apron contained twenty-one yards of calico.



JOHN F. POOLE,

THE VETERAN DRAMATIST AND WIT, NOW MANAGER OF NIBLO'S GARDEN THEATRE,  
NEW YORK CITY.

[Photo by Falk.]



THE BOSS FISH STORY.

A STAGE IN OREGON IS ATTACKED BY A SHOAL OF VORACIOUS AND UNCANNED SALMON.



LEVI G. LITTLE,

THE ACTIVE AND EFFICIENT CHIEF OF POLICE  
OF ELMIRA, N. Y.

HARRY WALKER,

THE GENIAL MANAGER AND PROPRIETOR OF THE  
PEOPLE'S THEATRE, MEMPHIS.

**Henry J. Kettendorf.**

There is no more popular man among Eastern railroaders, and especially with the locomotive engineers, than Henry J. Kettendorf, who, for thirty-four years, was employed on the New York, New Haven & Hudson River Railroad, where he reached the important position of Superintendent of Motive Power and Machinery by his skill and ability. Being a great machinist, he stepped from the engine cab to

and workings of the entire business. In his position on the New Haven road everything moved like clockwork, and since he has retired for a much needed rest with his family in New Haven the officers of the company desire that he shall soon resume his old position. He has also received several other offers, one as the

Master Machinist of the Boston & Providence road and another the superintendence of the Steam Heating Company, of New Haven. Mr. Kettendorf is an honorary member of the New Haven Division, No. 77, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, where he is always welcomed by the brethren who have worked under his orders and have the utmost respect for his great ability.



REBECCA KEARSLEY,

THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG HEIRESS OF BUCYRUS,  
OHIO, WHO Eloped WITH PROF. OSBORNE,



H. J. KETTENDORF,

ONE OF THE MOST EXPERIENCED OF AMERICAN  
RAILROAD ENGINEERS.



EDWARD A. GILMORE,

THE HANDSOME AND CYNICAL MANAGER OF NIBLO'S GARDEN THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.

[Photo by Falk.]

## A Kiss Blocked the Street.

Two old ladies were reluctantly bidding each other good-by opposite the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge, when the crowd was thickest, the other afternoon. One of them had hailed a Third avenue car. The car stopped, and the driver talked aloud because the bell was not rung for him to start his horses again.

"Now, madam, look alive," said the conductor, impatiently, while he fingered the bell rope. "We can't wait all day."

"Hi! Get along out of that!" roared the driver of a car in the rear.

"Hi! hi! hi!" yelled others as the line rapidly lengthened and the street became blocked.

"Now, mum, will you move on?" shouted the driver of a truck who wanted to cross the bridge.

But, oblivious to the surroundings, the old ladies continued kissing each other farewell. Finally a policeman seized one of them and threw her into the car, and barely rescued the other from being run over by an express wagon. The car in which her friend was rolling up town was well on its way before she recovered sufficient breath to tell the policeman that she wanted to go to Fifty-ninth street, and that her companion wanted to cross the bridge.

## Bureau Clerks Who Do No Work.

Judge Holman, of Indiana, says that after the Democratic administrative machine gets to running smoothly they expect to dispense with

one-third of the clerical force in the departments at Washington.

"I am willing to admit," said he, "that there are some bureaus like the sixth auditor's office and the patent office where an increase of force is really necessary, but excepting those two there is not another office under the government where the work could not be performed with half the present number of clerks. Let me cite you an instance that came under my observation Saturday. I dropped in at the interior department that day. A very pretty and handsomely attired young lady was talking

very earnestly to Assistant Secretary Joslyn. When she arose to leave she placed her handkerchief before her face, but not in time to hide the fact that she had been weeping. The sight of beauty in distress always touches a man's sensibilities, and I inquired of Mr. Joslyn the cause of the young lady's trouble. He replied that she was the niece of Gen. —, naming a distinguished regular army officer, and was also related to several members of Congress. Upon their recommendation she was given a \$1,200 clerkship in the land office about eighteen months ago. She was seldom at her desk, and

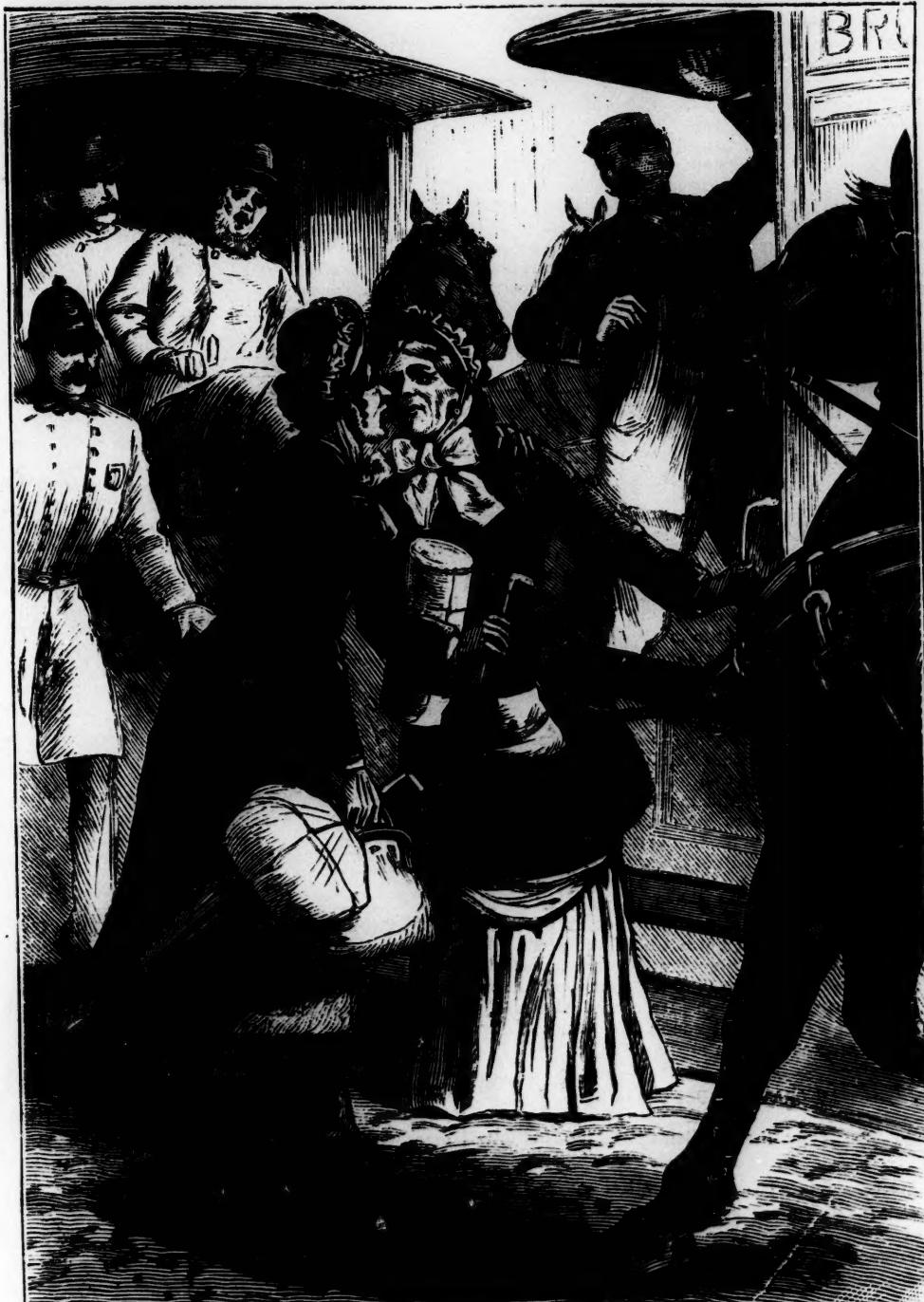
proprietor of the Hoffman House, is claimed by some to be now worn by a well-known citizen of Chicago. It was first sold here by Otis Anderson to a gentleman named Patton, who in turn disposed of it to the First National Bank, by whom it was sold to its present holder for \$10,000. It weighs nine carats. But those in position to know the fact deny that the stone is the Fisk jewel, asserting that it is still in possession of Fisk's widow.

IKE WOODRUFF will have charge of the Newport (R. I.) Driving Park this year.



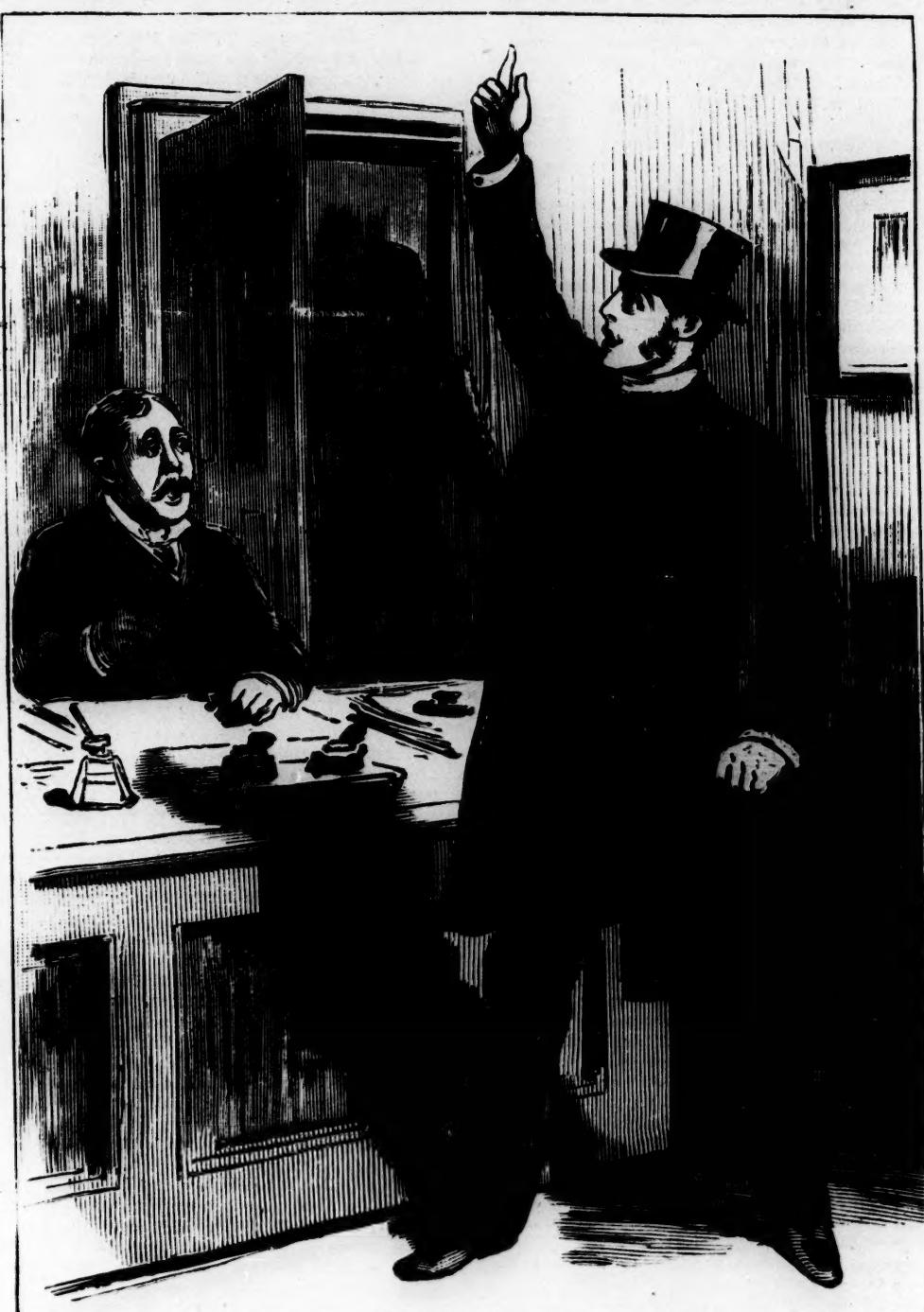
"HOW IS THE GENERAL?"

THE PATHETIC SPECTACLE OF INQUIRING SIMPATHY SEEN EVERY DAY AT THE RESIDENCE OF EX-PRESIDENT GRANT.



A KISS BLOCKADE.

HOW TWO ELDERLY LADIES CAUSED DIRE CONFUSION AND MUCH PROFANITY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



HE WANTED TO BE A GUILEAU.

A CLERICAL CHANK TURNS UP IN A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER OFFICE WITH A THREAT AGAINST THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

when she was present occupied the time mainly in writing letters or reading books or gossiping with the other clerks in the corridors. Upon the pretense of illness she was absent from duty during the year just ended 212 days, not counting Sundays or holidays. At the commencement of the year she was notified that she must either report regularly or be dropped from the roll. One day last week she reported sick again, and the same evening gave a theatre party at Albaugh's. 'I ordered her dismissal the next morning.' Now, if the truth were known, continued Judge Holman, 'there are hundreds of people being carried on the government roll who do as little for the salaries they receive as this young lady. We propose to change all this when the Democrats come into power.'

## Jim Fisk's Sparkler.

The Fisk stone, worn by the Prince of Erie when he was shot by the present

proprietor of the Hoffman House, is claimed by some to be now worn by a well-known citizen of Chicago. It was first sold here by Otis Anderson to a gentleman named Patton, who in turn disposed of it to the First National Bank, by whom it was sold to its present holder for \$10,000. It weighs nine carats. But those in position to know the fact deny that the stone is the Fisk jewel, asserting that it is still in possession of Fisk's widow.

## Settling the Question.

### John L. Sullivan Hears That Paddy Ryan Isn't Satisfied,

But Wants Another Chance for the  
Championship of the World  
and the Diamond Belt.

#### "I'M YOUR MAN!" SAYS JOHN.

Again there is a boom in pugilism which promises to create a furor in both hemispheres, and once more decide the question, "Who is the champion of the world?"

Sporting men are divided in regard to the reply. Many claim that John L. Sullivan is the champion of champions, and it is probable no one would have questioned that claim had he not continually indulged in carousals which, in a measure, were injurious to his health and physical form. But, notwithstanding the champion's free-and-easy way of enjoying himself, there are hundreds who believe he can defeat all the other pugilists in the world in a week. On the other hand, sporting men in the West pin their faith on Paddy Ryan, of Chicago, formerly of Troy, N. Y., who first came into notice by conquering Joe Goss, after the latter had lost form and was beyond his prime, in a contest for the championship of America. Ryan's star as a champion would have probably then set had not Richard K. Fox, in order to revive the once popular sport, decided to match him against all comers for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world.

It is well known that John L. Sullivan picked up the gauntlet and arranged a match with Ryan, and the affair was brought to a satisfactory issue at Mississippi City, Miss., on Feb. 7, 1882. Nearly every one supposed Ryan would win and fortunes were wagered on the result. Besides the \$2,500 a side Harry Hill held to hand to the victorious pugilist, Richard K. Fox sent \$1,000 with his representative, William E. Harding, to give Ryan to bet in the ring, and it was wagered and posted with Harry Hill. Prior to the money being deposited it was handed by Richard K. Fox's representative to Ryan to count and he was so nervous that he tore the first bill in two. This chicken-heartedness caused many of Ryan's admirers to see a danger-light, and many who had invested thousands on observing Ryan's lack of confidence wished they had their money back, while others turned pale.

In the first round Sullivan displayed his superiority and ended the round by knocking Ryan down by a well-directed right-hand blow on the neck.

In the second round Sullivan demonstrated his superiority until they came to close quarters, when Ryan threw Sullivan.

In the third round Sullivan again knocked Ryan down.

In the fourth round the fighting was desperate. Ryan fought well, but he was running second. Sullivan fought Ryan down.

The fifth round ended by Sullivan demonstrating his great strength, and at the end of the round he threw Ryan.

In the sixth round Ryan was knocked down. When he came to the scratch for the seventh round he was weak. Sullivan knocked Ryan all over the ring and fought him down.

In the eighth round Sullivan knocked Ryan down, and in the ninth the Boston boy's auctioneer again drove Ryan to Mother Earth. Ryan was carried to his corner, and his seconds coaxed him to go up for another round. The champion, who was evidently defeated, said:

"I go up again he will kill me."

Tom Kelly shook his head and then threw up the sponge, and Sullivan was declared champion of the world.

The battle was one of the fiercest and most determined of modern times. Ryan made a gallant fight and bore his punishment manfully, and no man could have endured such a succession of terrible blows with a better grace.

The battle, however, demonstrated that Sullivan was a wonder and that Ryan was no match for him.

Now, after reading the above condensation of the great original battle, how can any one for a moment suppose that Ryan is able to conquer Sullivan? A pugilist who can defeat once should be able to do so again, especially when he has benefited from able tutelage and experience, and developed by constant training and practice more muscular development.

Sullivan, when he met Ryan, was only twenty-four years of age. Now that he is more matured his possessed by far greater development, and, notwithstanding his many carousals, which have been greatly magnified, he is physically more powerful and more scientific than he was the day he fought Ryan at Mississippi City two years ago. There is nothing to prevent the pugilists meeting, providing Ryan and his backers show them mean business. After the champion and the ex-champion met at Madison Square Garden, and the police prevented the狂士 from deciding the supremacy, Ryan and a legion of admirers claimed that the latter had the best of the contest, and verbal offers were made to back him against Sullivan. No money was posted by the ex-champion's backer or backers, and the affair for a time dropped.

In the meantime Richard K. Fox, in order to bring Sullivan and Ryan together, offered to put up the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and give a purse of \$2,500 for the pugilists to fight for at New Orleans. Sullivan, in his usual business-like style, notified Richard K. Fox that he was willing to contend with Ryan at New Orleans for the trophy which represented the championship.

Ryan did not respond favorably to Richard K. Fox's offer, but on March 5 he posted \$500 with a Chicago sporting paper and issued a challenge offering to fight Sullivan or any man in the world for from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side. Ryan's bold defiance created a furor from Maine to Oregon. No reply was made to it, although it was expected that Sullivan would accept his recent opponent's challenge. On March 6 the following dispatch was sent to John L. Sullivan:

"Padly Ryan has posted \$500 in Chicago offering to

fight any man in the world, you preferred, London prize ring rules, with small gloves, \$2,500 a side and championship of the world. If Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, will back you and put up the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, will you agree to meet Ryan? Inform me at once, and, if you are agreeable, on behalf of Richard K. Fox, who is now in Washington, D. C., I will sign the preliminaries.

"SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE."

It is a common custom for backers, especially on the turf, if they lose heavily on one certain equine, the next time he runs to lay against him. This precedent has frequently been followed by backers of pedestrians, athletes and pugilists. No one, then, will for a moment wonder at the above dispatch.

In reply to the dispatch the following letter was received from Sullivan:

THE ABBEY, 71 Harrison avenue, BOSTON, March 6, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR—Your telegram of yesterday at hand, John desires me to state that you can match him to fight Mr. Ryan in any town of the United States where we will be assured of police protection, for \$5,000 and the belt. The fight to be decided under London prize ring rules. We will be at your office, in New York, in about ten days, on our way to Philadelphia, where John is to spar McCaffrey on the 30th. You can make any disposition of this communication you may choose. John wishes to be personally remembered to you and all friends. Thanking you in behalf of John for your courtesy, I am very truly yours,

PATSY SHEPPARD.

Richard K. Fox, POLICE GAZETTE, New York.

As soon as this historic missive was received, Richard K. Fox, with characteristic promptness, forwarded to Harry Hill a check on the Park National Bank for \$500 as a cover of the forfeit deposited by Ryan's backer, with the following communication:

"Harry Hill, Esq.:

"DEAR SIR—Please find inclosed my check for \$500, which you will retain as forfeit from me for John L. Sullivan to meet Paddy Ryan, of Chicago, in a contest with small gloves for \$5,000, the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt and the championship of the world. My representative, Wm. E. Harding, will arrange all the preliminaries for the match when Ryan or his backer names a time and place of meeting.

"RICHARD K. FOX."

The following was sent to Chas. E. Davies, 219 Randolph street, Chicago:

"John L. Sullivan was notified I would back him to meet Ryan if he desired. Received letter to-day authorizing me to go ahead. I have posted \$500 forfeit with Harry Hill, and state that I am prepared to match John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world, to fight Paddy Ryan according to the terms proposed in his challenge, or according to the new rules of the London prize ring, with small gloves, for the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt and the championship of the world. Harry Hill to be final stakeholder. The latter now holds \$500, which was posted to-day, to prove only business is intended, and Wm. E. Harding, my representative, will meet Ryan or his backers in New York on Monday, March 16, to arrange a match.

"RICHARD K. FOX."

The following dispatch was sent to John L. Sullivan:

NEW YORK, March 7, 1885—6:14 P. M.

To John L. Sullivan, 71 Washington street, Boston:

I have posted \$500 with Harry Hill, and issued the following challenge:

Understanding that Paddy Ryan, of Chicago, has posted \$500 and issued a challenge to fight John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world, with small gloves, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, having John L. Sullivan's authority that he will meet Ryan if I will back him, I accordingly accept Ryan's challenge, and have posted \$500 with Harry Hill, and will match John L. Sullivan to meet Ryan for from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which emblem represents the championship of the world. My representative, William E. Harding, will meet Ryan or his representative any place he may name on Monday, March 16, half way between this city and Chicago, to arrange the match, Harry Hill to be final stakeholder. The latter held the stakes in the last contest between Sullivan and Ryan, and paid the stakes over to the winner. If Ryan is as eager to ratify the match as he claims to be, there will be no hitch in the affair.

(Signed.)

RICHARD K. FOX.

In an interview with a Boston *Herald* reporter, Sullivan showed Mr. Fox's dispatch and said:

"You see that ought to clinch the business if anything will, and Ryan now must either come to time or back down. Under the conditions I have named, I propose serious business. I can't say where the fight will come off, and I don't care, so long as we shall not be liable to arrest. I am now taking good care of myself, but still there are some who bark about me as if determined to injure me. While there may have been some ground for severe criticism concerning me, I think the business has been overdone. I have injured myself more than any one else, but things have been made very uncomfortable for me of late about town. I'm sensitive about the unjust things charged to my door, and at times I cannot help feeling bad about them. But people will talk about other people, and the better a fellow is known the greater the target he becomes to abuse. Some of the papers have treated me pretty rough, but still I feel that I have the sympathy and good will of the majority of the newspaper men who know me. Sometimes I feel so bad about the abuse aimed at me that I am inclined to hurry up certain arrangements for my proposed trip across the water in May. The arrangements for this are not yet settled, but likely will be after my go at Ryan. I am now preparing for my glove fight with McCaffrey, which takes place in Philadelphia three weeks from Monday evening, and I will leave here next Sunday evening and will remain over a few days in New York. By the provisions for this fight, the winner is to take sixty-five per cent. of the gate receipts and the loser thirty-five per cent. I think I shall scoop in the long end, at any rate."

Speaking of Goss and the latter's illness, the champion said:

"Yes, poor Joe is pretty low, and is having a hard time of it. I sat up two hours with him last night and felt pretty bad for him. He's grit right through to the last, just as he has always been. He's one of the biggest-hearted men that ever lived, and if he goes we'll all miss him. But I hope he will come round all right, although the chances seem against him."

John L. was at this juncture interrupted by a friend with a "Have a drink?" and the reporter withdrew, leaving the champion in the sweet enjoyment of a glass of soda-water.

Special rates to Postmasters and Subscription Agents. Send address on postal card.

## MASHED THE WRONG GIRL.

How a Village Book-keeper Became Object of Sport.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Hattie Marr resides with her brother-in-law in a neat little cottage in College Point, L. I., and is admired by all the unmarried gentlemen in the village, and even one married gentleman has been smitten with her charms, and for the demonstrative form his affection assumed was roughly handled by some of the young woman's gentlemen friends and a party of sympathizing women. A few months ago John Hornberger was united in marriage to the daughter of a retired merchant in this city. He accepted a position of book-keeper in the office of the Enterprise Rubber Company in College Point.

The latter part of last month Miss Marr, who is employed in the factory, received a letter signed "J. H." in which the writer professed to have fallen in love with her, and was most desirous of cultivating her acquaintance, or at least the privilege of an interview, and concluded by requesting her to drop him a note saying "when and where he could see her." Miss Marr became indignant and tore up the letter. A few days later she received a second letter, entreating her to see the writer, if only for a few moments, to enable him to explain why he so loved her and was so desirous of meeting her. This letter was consigned to the flames. Miss Marr, however, became anxious to know who her anonymous admirer was, but did not think it would be exactly right to write him, and so consulted her brother-in-law, who advised her the next time she heard from "J. H." to answer and make an engagement to meet him on the bridge after dark.

The following day a large and handsome bouquet was received by the young lady, attached to which was a card with the "compliments of J. H." The village florist was sought and he acknowledged that the bouquet had been purchased from him, but emphatically refused to divulge the name of the purchaser. Thursday last the village postmaster handed Miss Marr a letter from "J. H." She again consulted her brother-in-law and sent the following:

"DEAR SIR—I have at last determined to yield and grant you an interview, believing by your continual coaxing that your intentions are honorable. I will expect to see you this evening on the bridge at 8 o'clock. You will know me, but I will not know you, so you will please introduce yourself."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Hattie Marr—Saturday evening, true to her engagement, she strolled toward the bridge. Behind her walked her brother, brother-in-law and Constable Steffel. When she reached the bridge entrance her admirer stepped up, and as he raised his hat and saluted her her suspicions were confirmed, for before her stood Hornberger. He extended his hand, but Miss Marr refused to shake hands with him. A walk was proposed by the book-keeper, and as he attempted to pass his arm through Miss Marr's brother-in-law seized him by the collar and demanded an explanation, at the same time slapping his hand on top of J. H.'s high silk hat, driving it down over his face. Miss Marr and the constable stood by laughing at Hornberger's discomfiture.

After hustling and tossing him around Hornberger was handed over to the constable, who lectured him for fully three minutes, occasionally planting a kick where it would do the most good, and then compelled him to kneel and apologize to Miss Marr, which he willingly did.

Miss Marr had informed a number of her lady friends about the letter and what she intended to do, and they arrived in time to hear Hornberger begging her pardon, and each had the pleasure of telling him what they thought of him and what they would do if they only had their way about it. A party of women and a crowd of children, who had been summoned to the bridge by the peals of laughter from the friends of Miss Marr and the entreaties of Hornberger, took up the sport and chased the book-keeper through the village streets after he succeeded in breaking away from his tormentors.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HAD SOMEBODY'S BABY IN TOW.

Jack Williams on a Spree and the Kid Enjoying Itself.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Jack Williams, who says he is a sailor on a spree, lunched out of Broadway into Chambers street, the other day at noon, towing a two-year-old boy. The boy seemed to be enjoying himself. He wore a neat blue dress and a brown cloak with fur edgings, and hung on to Jack like a little man. Jack wore a dark-blue shirt under a check-sack coat. He was just drunk enough to be very good-natured. A policeman boarded him and steered him for the Tombs.

In the dock he explained that some friends with whom he had been lodging on Goerck street, near Houston street, had asked him to take the boy out for a walk. He had met a friend, and had drunk considerably with him. Williams, with the foresight of a man who is going out to get drunk, had put a shotgun in his pocket, and thus made it easy for the Court to commit him in default of \$1,000 bail.

The boy was turned over to Agent Young of the children's society, who will find its parents. At his throat, pinning together the brown cloak, was a silvered badge upon which was traced the portrait of Chester A. Arthur, with "Our President" engraved beneath it. The boy, according to Williams, was born on Washington's Birthday, 1851. He consented placidly to be transferred to Agent Young, and did not disturb the court proceedings by a single whimper.

[Subject of Illustration.]

AN ORANGE COUNTY MANIAC.

Made Insane by the Excitement of the Inauguration.

[Subject of Illustration.]

After the passengers on the Washington express left the train at the Broad street station, Philadelphia, on Thursday, March 5, the train officials were surprised to see a tall, well-dressed young man of prepossessing appearance walk to one of the doors, step upon the platform, and then return to his seat in the car and remain in it. A brakeman informed him that he was in Philadelphia, and that he could go no further in that train. The man made no answer, and, upon being accosted rather sharply, jumped up and threatened to throw the brakeman out of the window. Other station employees arrived and tried to put the man off forc-

bly, but he resisted all their efforts and retained his seat. The train was backed to a siding at Twenty-first street, where a police officer, who was summoned, saw that the man was insane, and sent for two other officers. The three tried to induce him to leave the car, but he refused, and they were compelled to remove him by force. He struggled fiercely until he was locked up in the Twentieth District Station House, where he quieted down. When asked where he lived and where he came from he replied: "Orange county, N. Y. My name is M. L. Winnie; that's all you need to know." He was kept in the station-house during the night.

Next morning he appeared rational, and said he wanted to go home. He stated that he had been traveling through the South, and that, after witnessing the inauguration of President Cleveland, he was on his way home. When taken from the train he had a small gripsack filled with sea-shells and \$50 in money in his pocket. They were returned to him by Lieut. Myers. Winnie walked to the Broad street station, when he became suddenly violent and shouted wildly. He was again arrested by an officer whom he tried to knock down. His frantic efforts to escape were only overcome when six policemen carried him back to the station-house. Here two doctors examined him and pronounced him insane. He was then taken to the Norristown Asylum. Winnie talked about the inaugural display at Washington with much enthusiasm. It is thought that the excitement of the occasion so seriously aggravated [previous mental troubles as to cause him to become a maniac. Letters and a diary were found upon him which indicated that he has a brother living in Orange county, N. Y., and other relatives in Florida. The entries in his diary show that he had been traveling for several months in the South. His relatives have been informed of his whereabouts and condition.

[Subject of Illustration.]

OREGON SALMON.

Their Astonishing Boldness and Ferocity in Attacking a Stage.

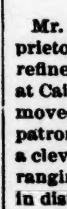
[Subject of Illustration.]

The recent frightful accident which happened to a stage in Southern Oregon cannot fail to call the attention of the State authorities to the necessity of protecting settlers against the attacks of salmon. The stage in question was crossing Applegate Creek when it was suddenly attacked by a drove of salmon. The stage was instantly overturned, and the hungry fish swarmed over it, while the stage-driver, with great presence of mind, cut the traces of his horses, and throwing himself across the off wheel horse—powerful animal, formerly the property of Dr. Goodrich, of Olympia—managed to escape. The dispatch which conveys to us this painful story says nothing of the fate of the stage passengers, but, unfortunately, there is every reason to believe that they fell victims to the salmon.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HARRY WALKER.

[With Portrait.]



Mr. Harry Walker is the genial

## GONE TO JOIN HIS VICTIM

Dr. Goersen is Hanged in Philadelphia  
for the Cruel Murder  
of His Wife.

The crime for which Dr. Goersen paid the death penalty in Philadelphia, on March 5, was the poisoning of his wife nearly five years ago. He was a native of that city and was a student of the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, but never graduated. On April 23, 1879, he married Elizabeth E. Souder, who was living with her widowed mother. Goersen taught music in addition to practicing medicine. In March, 1880, his father died, and the son succeeded to his practice, which was a paying one. Before this time Goersen drank heavily. He was little better than a sot, and it is even said that he bordered on delirium tremens. The Goersens and Mrs. Souder, the mother-in-law, lived together. Mrs. Souder had for months suffered with dropsy and Bright's disease of the kidneys, and on March 25 she died. A certificate was given by an allopathic physician who had attended her, that death was due to Bright's disease. Mrs. Souder had, however, been mainly treated by Goersen.

Five days after the death of her mother Mrs. Goersen was also taken violently sick with severe pains in the stomach. On April 2 she made her will, giving all her property to Goersen, and on April 4 died. Suspicion having been aroused in the stomach of the dead woman was removed for analysis. On the following Friday Prof. Leftman, the chemist, reported that in the stomach he had found five grains of arsenic—enough to kill two persons. Goersen was arrested on suspicion and committed to prison.

The result of the analysis astonished the coroner, and he had the remains of Mrs. Souder exhumed. The examination in this case also proved death by arsenic. Goersen was put on trial in November, 1880, and being convicted was sentenced to death. A writ of error was taken to the Supreme Court in January, 1881. In March, 1882, Chief Justice Mercer reversed the judgment and ordered a new trial on the ground that the judge in his charge to the jury had ignored the prisoner's defense. The second trial took place in November, 1883. Goersen was again convicted. Once more his counsel took the case to the Supreme Court, but in March, 1884, the judgment of the Court below was affirmed. This settled the legal side of the case, and executive clemency was next vainly invoked.

Dr. Goersen met his death with remarkable firmness. He refused to go to bed the night before he was executed and sat up writing letters until 5:30 o'clock in the morning, when, after taking his morning bath, he lay down and slept for over an hour. He ate sparingly of breakfast and spent the remainder of his time in prayer with his spiritual advisers. On the scaffold the clergyman read the following paper signed by Goersen:

"PHILADELPHIA COUNTY PRISON, March 5, 1885.—Being now on the point of my departure from earth I desire to make the following statement, and Thou, my God and Saviour, in whose presence I stand, hear me witness:

"I do most earnestly and most solemnly declare that—before my God and before my conscience—I feel and am entirely innocent of the crime imputed to me, namely: the poisoning of my wife and mother-in-law. Yes, and Thou, Father and my God, knowest it, and Thou who brought to light the hidden things of darkness and makes manifest the counsels of the heart will eventually and surely bring forth judgment unto truth in this instance also, according to Thy good word and promises.

"I further wish to state that I depart from earth without even the slightest feeling of animosity against any human being. I tender my heartfelt thanks to the officers and employees of this institution for the uniform kindness manifested toward myself. And now, as for me to die is gain, I desire to enter my home to dwell with my blessed redeemer, Christ Jesus.

"A. G. F. GOERSEN, M. D."

During the reading Goersen maintained his calm demeanor, his thoughts being apparently bent on subjects other than those of this world. He was then pinioned, the black cap was drawn over his face and after a short invocation the drop fell. He was dead in eight minutes, his death appearing to be very easy. After hanging twenty-five minutes the body was cut down. His neck was not broken.

After the execution the will of Dr. Goersen was read. Like his statement, it was in his own handwriting. By it he leaves all his property to his mother.

Dr. Goersen spent much of his time in literary work, and wrote numerous poetical effusions. The following is a specimen of his verses, dedicated to his then sweetheart, who afterward became his wife, and for whose murder his own life was forfeited:

LIZZIE.

I will be true to thee,  
Though I share in thy worst despair;  
I will be true to thee,  
Though my own heart be bowed with care,  
Though cold neglect upon the Hopes may fall,  
Though fears of Death may hover near thy Soul,  
Though funeral knells upon thy ears may toll,  
Yet I will be true to thee.

I will be true to thee,  
Though I roam in a foreign land;  
Whether on earth or sea,  
In a Bower or Desert Strand.

Though darkest clouds may mar the morning Beams,  
And Vapors dull may settle on the Streams:  
Though blighting time destroy thy fondest Dreams,  
Still I will be true to thee.

I will be true to thee,  
I will pray for thee night and day.  
With thou be true to me  
All the years that will roll away?

When all thy Childhood's dearest Hopes have fled,  
And gloomy visions linger 'round thy Bed,  
When all thy dear and early Friends are dead,  
Then I will be true to thee.

ALBERT G. F. GOERSEN,  
No. 255 East Cumberland street.

Philadelphia, Nov. 18, 1878.

SAILOR.

[With Portrait.]

Our canine picture represents Sailor, a splendid St. Bernard dog, four years old, 31 inches high, 6 feet 3 inches in length and weighs 130 pounds. He is valued at \$2,000. He exhibits extraordinary if not almost human intelligence. When only eight months old he

began his career as a life-saver, having rescued a little girl from drowning off the iron pier at Coney Island, for which he was rewarded by the presentation by Mr. Culver to his owner of a free pass to Coney Island over his road. Since then he has saved two boys from drowning in the surf at Rockaway Beach. He understands every word spoken to him or about him. He will take the basket in his mouth, and go, when desired by his owner, either to the butcher's, grocery, for morning or evening newspapers, and, if you should want to witness a surprise, come and see him go for the POLICE GAZETTE when ordered to do so by his master. He will go to the newsdealers and pick the GAZETTE off the counter and run right home. He is owned by J. S. Smyth, 625 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, who keeps a boot and shoe store.

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A BATTLE ON A TRAIN.

Game Birds Fight in the Smoking-Room of a Drawing-Room Car.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A crowd of sporting men in Jimmy Patterson's saloon at No. 200 Seventh avenue the other night peered through the slats of a box that contained a game cock. He had had a strange and exciting experience and was the topic of general conversation and admiration. When, in response to repeated calls, the cork was taken from his cramped quarters he presented a sad plight. His head was badly pecked, the long tail-feathers broken, and he had a generally used-up appearance. But straightening up, he gave three lusty crows, that made him even more of a favorite than ever. "Grover's all right," remarked one of the group. "He's a game one." Then the story of his success was retold for the benefit of new-comers.

Jimmy Patterson is an enthusiastic Tammany man and was captain of a company of that organization that participated in the inaugural parade at Washington. He was so rejoiced over the day to be celebrated that he desired to demonstrate his enthusiasm in some measure. A game-cock a year old has been a pet about his hotel and was christened Grover Cleveland. He decided to improve on the fashion of displaying stuffed roosters and toys in a procession by carrying a real live cock in Wednesday's Washington parade. Grover was selected from his fowl as the most fitting representative, and was taken to the Capital. Patterson was glibed by some of his acquaintances for taking the bird with him. Frank Stevenson, the sporting man, went even further, and threatened to procure a cock that would whip Grover. By telegraph he commissioned Charlie Carroll, a famous cock-fighter, of Baltimore, to have the best game-cock he could procure awaiting his arrival in Washington. A bird arrived there Tuesday, and Stevenson wanted to at once match him against Grover. But the latter had been so plenteously fed with corn on the sly that he was in no condition. There was a repetition of this the next day. Grover acquitted himself nobly by crowing during the entire march of the Tammany men, and gave three powerful crows at an appropriate stage of the inaugural ceremonies. He was cheered by the vast crowd, much to the discomfiture of those who planned his downfall.

The Baltimore bird was a passenger on the same train with Grover on the return trip from Washington. A match for \$50 a side was arranged, and the fight opened in the smoking-room of one of the drawing-room cars just outside of Philadelphia and in the presence of fifteen or twenty well-known sporting men. The Baltimore cock weighed 5 pounds 6 ounces, was spangled-colored, and in prime condition. Grover is an Irish gray, weighs 4 pounds 1 once, and was rather the worse for high living. The birds fought in bare heels for thirty-eight minutes, much to the amusement of the spectators. Grover won in handsome style. The Baltimore cock was dead when the train reached Newark, and the winner and his owner made much of during the rest of the trip.

THE RINK TOURNAMENT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The six-day roller-skating race which commenced at Madison Square Garden, New York, on Monday morning, March 2, ended March 7th. The conditions of the race were six days' go-as-you-please for \$300 in cash, the championship diamond belt and the championship of the world. No less than thirty-six aspirants donned the rollers and started upon their journey at 12:05 A. M. Monday morning. They were Eugene Maddocks, Charles Walton, G. B. Claxton, J. Raymond Mayer, M. F. Calhoun, J. W. Irish, C. A. Johnson, Albert Schock, S. Robinson, A. K. Smith, T. D. Phillips, William Bost, J. W. Allen, John Eicks, Charles Eagan, W. A. Elkes, E. A. Brennan, John O'Melia, J. Cohen, Frank Hart, M. Chapman, H. T. Gormley, R. Pursell, W. A. L. Mount, W. J. Hickey, John Ford, W. Donovan, Henry Mason, Harvey Ward, R. H. Fowler, J. J. Ankenbrandt, F. A. Welch, J. W. Goodwin, George J. Law, Jacob Small and Wm. Walsh. Out of this number Claxton, Fowler and Law were the first to quit after the first day, followed by Smith and Mount, who had covered 63 and 52 miles respectively.

On Thursday only twenty-five out of the thirty-six were visible, and all of them looking rather weary. At the end of which day Donovan was leading with 614 miles, Schock coming second with 588. During Friday the same positions were held by the leaders, Donovan being in front, followed by Bost, Maddocks, Schock and O'Melia. Only eighteen of the original starters were now on the track, the management having dismissed the remainder upon refusing to pay their expenses; also stating that they were in the way and had no chance of winning the prizes.

The 10 o'clock score on Saturday night was: Donovan, 1,000; Bost, 1,045; O'Melia, 1,022; Maddocks, 1,000; Schock, 950; Johnson, 861; Allen, 858; Calhoun, 850; Mayer, 835; Ward, 825.

A great deal of very just dissatisfaction was caused by the utter incompetency of the managers of this tournament, and whatever success it had was due to the competitors, and not the control. It will be within fair bounds to say that a worse-conducted and less intelligently arranged affair never figured in the history of catchpenny devices in New York.

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

ASSISTS MENTAL LABOR.

Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dispense with it."

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\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.

## WANTED TO REMOVE CLEVELAND.

A Crazy Clergyman With an Ambition to Become a Second Guiteau.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Rev. Elias Bray, an insane clergyman, came from Wilkesbarre last week and announced that he had a commission from God to remove the incoming President. The lunatic having consulted and taken into his confidence some gentlemen well known in this city, they placed him in the custody of the police and so he was a prisoner the other day at Jefferson Market. He is a bright, intelligent-looking man, well dressed, but having a wild, unsettled look in his eyes. Whenever the clergyman would face the magistrate he persisted in placing his hat upon his head, while an officer by his side quickly removed it. Bray is forty-five years old and was born in England. His father, Andrew Bray, was Master Mason of the F. A. M. and a prominent member of the Methodist Church. Andrew Bray was a preacher at Tavistock, Eng., and died in 1833. Elias Bray, his son, came to this country in 1870, bringing with him his wife and seven children. The lady was well known in her native town as Amelia Ann Hoar, daughter of well-known people. Bray had a brother in the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Valley. Elias moved near to where his brother lived. A short time ago Mrs. Elias Bray and her children went to England and are now stopping at Tavistock. The husband remained at his home in Wilkesbarre. He is a licensed preacher of the Methodist Church and is now within the jurisdiction of the Wyoming Conference. For some days past he has been an inveterate reader of the newspapers and followed closely the political events of the day.

He left Wilkesbarre on Tuesday for the purpose of "removing" by means of "spiritual manifestations" Grover Cleveland. He stopped at a hotel in Canal street and the next morning left his lodgings wearing a gold medal upon the lapel of his coat. He walked to Broadway and called at the Methodist Book Concern, No. 305 Broadway, and saw Mr. Robert Dougherty, editor of the *Catholic Advocate*. The editor was enlightened as to the best and only safe method of removing Presidents, and the clergyman concluded his interview by appointing his host as his lieutenant to act in the removal of President Cleveland. Mr. Dougherty consulted Mr. J. M. Phillips, publisher of the Methodist Book Concern, as to what was best to be done.

"Gentlemen, I assure you I have been commissioned by God to remove Cleveland," persisted the crank.

Officer Oliver A. Pratt, of the Broadway Squad, was called in and the clergyman handed over to him. The reverend preacher was taken to the Jefferson Market Court.

"Yes, I have a mission," said he. "My mission is by spiritual manifestations to remove President Cleveland and to straighten out the crooked places and to establish a new era in this nation and every other nation under the sun."

"Would you use violence?"

"No: the Lord never uses violence. I will go and say to the President: 'Stand aside while I make my proclamation.'

"The year of jubilee has come, return ye ransomed sinners home." I will move on President Cleveland by way of Baltimore; this, mark ye, would be a piece of strategy unrivaled anything done by Gen. Grant."

A few formal questions were put to him by Justice Weil:

"Where do you live?"

"Right here."

This caused general laughter through the courtroom.

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing."

"How did you get here?"

"I was brought here."

"How do you live?"

"By what I eat and what I drink."

"You will be sent to the Commissioners."

"What for?"

"To see what is the matter with your head."

"What is head?" then asked the clergyman. It was explained to him that he was to be examined as to the soundness of his head.

"There is nothing the matter with my head," said he, as he placed both hands to his cranium. In the clergyman's possession were found \$200 and a ticket for Europe.

## GREAT LUCK OF AN ACTRESS.

"My name is Molie Gore; I'm from Helena, Mont.; I keep a concert hall there."

Thus spoke an attractive young woman in Burkhardt's Fourth street store, Cincinnati, the other day.

In five minutes she looked at and bought two elegant sealskin Newmarket, pa.ing \$750 therefor. She emptied the pockets of the cloak she wore took off, and, putting one of the seal garments on, directed that the other and the cloak be sent to the Queen City Hotel. Shortly after she had left the store one of the seal-men found on a table in the ladies' boudoir, where the garments had been shown to the girl from Montana, a roll of bills amounting to \$900, a diamond pin worth a thousand or two and a package of cigarettes. Word was sent at once to the hotel, which was the first intimation she had that she had lost anything. While in the store she spoke of investing \$1,500 more in diamonds, and pleasantly referred to her Montana residence as flowing with champagne.

This young woman was not the wife of a roller-skating rink proprietor. She is no other than Ada Foy, a Covington girl, well known in that city, who went on the stage at Wood's theatre several years ago, and whose somewhat adventurous life has not infrequently been the subject of newspaper articles. She appears to be rolling in wealth.

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J. L. MALONE.

[With Portrait.]

J. L. Malone was born in Cleveland, Ohio, July 4, 1853. He started out with W. M. Hollinger, then manager of the Forest City Baseball Club, for Detroit, Mich., to constitute one of the team to represent Detroit in 1879. He umpired the majority of the games in Detroit, and played as substitute on the team. He accompanied the team on a trip through the Northwest, returning with the club to Detroit. Then he engaged to Ben Armstrong as manager of his billiard-room, playing pool, billiards, etc. In the following year he played with the Mutuals, of Jackson, Mich., one of the oldest baseball clubs in Michigan. Malone went to Chicago in 1881, playing pool and billiards in the winter and baseball in the summer whenever he

had an opportunity to do so. He made a specialty of pool and billiards. He went to Philadelphia, Pa., in the spring of 1883, and played a match with John R. Leonard for the championship of Pennsylvania and \$250 a side, and a return match for the same amount two weeks later, winning both matches and the championship of Pennsylvania. Then he entered a tournament in Newark, N. J., for the championship of New Jersey, winning first prize and the emblem. He next entered the preliminary tournament at O'Connor's for a \$100 prize and to qualify three players for the grand tournament to take place in January, 1884. Malone won first money in the preliminary, gaining an entrance to the grand tournament for the championship of America by defeating all players in both tournaments. The tournament for the championship of America, at the new bust game, was commenced Jan. 10, 1884, in Madison Square Hall. The contestants were Malone, Frey, King, Sutton, Lambert, Dunkelman, Knight, Leonard and Manning. On the night for the playing of the thirty-sixth and final series of the championship tournament, which brought together Frey and Malone, the room was packed. The excitement ran high all through the series of games between the two representative pool-players, but Malone's tenacity wore Frey out in patience, in temper and in execution, and notwithstanding the boy champion hung to Malone well he finally gave way to the steady play of the Chicagoan, who won by a score of 11 to 9, and was proclaimed champion of America.

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CRAZED BY FEAR.

The Terrible Consequences on His Fellow-Convicts of Dr. Goersen's Execution.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The execution of Dr. Goersen in Philadelphia was attended by several incidents of a very startling nature. A wife-murderer was frightened to death, and three other prisoners confined for equally grave crimes were terribly alarmed by a knowledge of the awful fate of Goersen. Joseph Barrett, fifty-five years old, who was serving a long term for making a murderous assault on his wife, occupied a hospital cell in the scaffold corridor. He was afflicted with dropsy and was bed-ridden. Intense interest in the hanging was manifested by him, but all information of the details was denied him. He was greatly depressed



A FEARFUL EXAMPLE.

THE WELL-DESERVED EXECUTION OF DR. GOERSEN CAUSES AN APPALLING RESULT IN THE JAIL IN WHICH HE WAS HUNG.



HE HAD TO BEG HER PARDON.

A MARRIED MASHER IN COLLEGE POINT, LONG ISLAND, ABJECTLY APOLORIZES TO THE YOUNG LADY HE INSULTED.



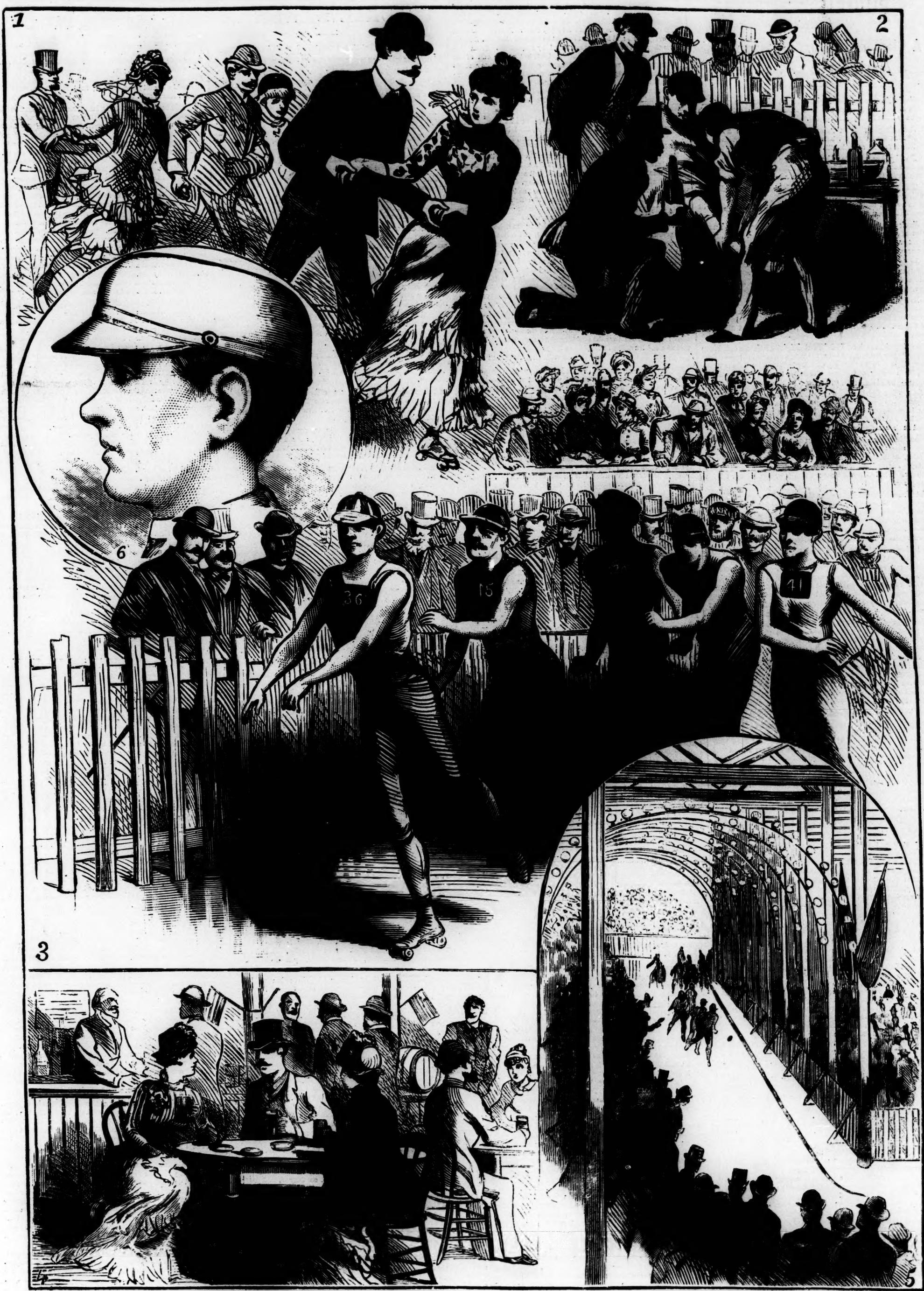
TOWED BY A TAR.

A PRETTY LITTLE BOY, TAKEN OUT FOR A WALK BY A DRUNKEN SAILOR, TURNS UP IN A POLICE COURT.



DROPPED IN ON THEM.

A SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND, IN ABILENE, KANSAS, GETS SO EXCITED WHILE "ON THE PIPS" THAT HE TAKES A HEAVY TUMBLE.



## THE SKATING TOURNAMENT.

A KALEIDOSCOPIC VIEW OF THE LATE ILL-MANAGED BUT INTERESTING EVENT AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

I.—A SIDE-SHOW. II.—RUBBING DOWN A COMPETITOR. III.—THE FINISH. IV.—A LITTLE REFRESHMENT. V.—THE HOME STRETCH. VI.—THE WINNER.

## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Jack Dempsey, the light-weight champion pugilist, who is now in Chicago, has been matched, it is said, to fight Johnny Fles for a purse of \$1,000.

A boxing match on roller-skates took place at Rockskill, N. Y., on Feb. 22, between Prof. Shine, of Cleveland, and William Travis, of Pekin. Shine won.

Paddy Ryan states that, pending his efforts to bring about a meeting between Sullivan and himself, he will indulge in no plan for the future, and he will turn a deaf ear to challenges.

The glove fight between Andy Martani and Jim McHugh, which was to have been decided March 7, has been postponed. It is understood tickets will be good if the parties holding them will be able to reach the battle-ground.

Jack King and William McFarlane have signed articles of agreement to fight with bare knuckles to a finish, under London prize ring rules, near Pittsburgh, on or about March 13, for a purse of \$300. They will weigh about 175 pounds each.

Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, and Alf. Greenfield, of England, have arranged to box six rounds, Queen-berry rules, at Battersea, D. Chicago, March 21. The winner is to receive sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the net receipts.

Billy Frazier, of Boston, and Mike Daily, of Bangor, have signed articles to box four rounds according to Queen-berry rules for a purse and gate receipts. The match is to take place at Bangor. Daily is the pugilist who so easily defeated Marcellus Baker.

At the Alhambra, 108 West Eighteenth street, New York, Walter De Baan will give his patrons a grand entertainment every night. Tommy Barnes, Charley McCoy, Miss Birtha Francis, Hugh McCoy and James McDonald, the champion pedestal-skate-dancer of the world, will appear.

In a prize fight with soft gloves at Denison, Texas, between John Moore, middle-weight champion of Denison, and Con Morris, champion of Illinois, for \$100, Moore won easily in three rounds. Though the men were well matched in weight, Morris stood no show, being knocked down several times.

Sporting men in Washington are eager to witness a glove contest to a finish between Charley Parker and Arthur Frazer, the colored pugilists, who recently fought a draw at Washington. Parker is a finely-developed specimen of humanity, and with proper training would make a match for some of our colored champions.

At Frank Lyman's "Police Gazette" Shades, on Tuesday evening, March 17, the clever and popular light weight, Mike Mullins, will be tried a bout by his many friends, in appreciation of his many fine qualities, both as a boxer and good fellow. A first-class entertainment will conclude with a grand wind-up between George Young and the bantam.

On March 9, at the Club Theatre, Philadelphia, William Alland and George Wallace fought with gloves. Wallace was knocked completely out in the second round. Both men were in special condition. Alland was much heavier than Wallace. He received no terrible punishment in the first round, but got warmed up when time was called on the second, and showed short-hammer blows upon his opponent, completely knocking him out.

The feather-weight boxing tournament which has been such a success for the past three weeks at the Club theatre, Philadelphia, was concluded on Saturday, March 7. Out of the thirteen contestants in the tournament only five were left in for the last week, the first to meet being McKenna and Percy. The latter, however, would not face McKenna, so the fight was awarded to the little Philadelphia. In the next bout J. Walsh defeated Frank White, and W. Clark drew the bye. The first bout in the third round was between Clark and McKenna, the latter being easily beaten. The final bout was won by Clark after a good set-to.

The boxing tournament promoted by Wm. Madden was held on March 6. The conditions were 4 rounds, Queen-berry rules. The first contest was between Harry Kelly and Jack Cooper, of South Africa. Charley Mitchell was referee and Mike Donovan time-keeper. It was a rattling bout, and Cooper proved that when he was not handicapped he could mill. He knocked Kelly about like a football, knocked him down three times and finally knocked him out. Jim McDevitt, of Bridgeburg, Pa., a noted boxer, and Jim Fell then donned the gloves. McDevitt was no match for Fell and was knocked out. It was then decided that Fell and Cooper, being the two winners, should contend for the prize. It was a rattling set-to and Fell won, knocking Cooper out.

The following was received at the "Police Gazette" office on March 7:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 1.

Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York: There is considerable excitement in sporting circles over an important glove fight which is to be decided in this city in a few days. The principals are Mike Cleary, of New York, who recently knocked out Wm. Sheriff, Jim Goole, Capt. James Dalton, and Jack Brady, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Slope. Articles of agreement have been signed for the pugilists to box four rounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take two-thirds and the loser one-third of the gate receipts and an outsize wager of \$300 a side. Both pugilists have gone into training and there is already considerable speculation on the result, Brady being a heavy favorite owing to the fact that he is taller and heavier than Cleary. Brady recently defeated Herbert A. Slade, the Maori, and also knocked out Clarence Whistler. Prior to Cleary's arrival here, Brady offered to fight any pugilist on the Pacific Slope.

George Miers, of Syracuse, and Prof. Joseph F. Hess, of Utica, recently fought according to Queen-berry rules at the City Opera House, Utica, for \$200 and gate money. Four rounds were fought, and Hess showed the most science and gained the most points, but at the conclusion of the contest Referee Taylor, being inexperienced, decided Miers the winner, an announcement that was greeted with applause. A wrangle followed over the stakes and the stakeholder refused to give them up. Finally both men agreed to allow Richard K. Fox to decide the matter. On March 4 Richard K. Fox gave the following decision:

NEW YORK, March 4, 1885.

MIERS AND HESS—By your communication received you mutually agree that I shall either inform the stakeholder given by the referee in your glove contest at Utica or decide who is entitled to the stakes. In reply I would say that the decision of the referee, who was selected by you before the contest, was final, no matter whether it was a fair fight or an unfair one. Therefore Miers must receive the stakes.

RICHARD K. FOX.

The following explains itself:

WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TERR., March 2, 1885.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Since in your issue of Feb. 1, in answer to correspondence to M. H. New Haven, Conn., you state that Tom Cleary, a middle-weight champion of the Pacific Coast; I would like to know when and where Mr. Cleary acquired his title. As I understand it, winning a bare fist fight only entitles a man to the claim of championship. Now, as I am the only man who has fought and won a fight of that description on the Pacific Coast, I would like to know how Mr. Cleary can claim that title. If you refer to your issue of Nov. 10, 1883, you will find that myself and Billy Morgan fought a bare fist fight for the middle-weight championship of the Pacific Coast, which I won after battling 1 hour and 45 minutes, in which time there was ninety-nine rounds fought. I am ready at any time to arrange a match to fight Cleary or any middle weight on the Pacific Coast for the middle-weight championship and any reasonable stake. I am, very respectfully, THOMAS MANNING.

Middle-Weight Champion of the Pacific Coast.

In a room in New York city, on March 5, Jim McHugh and Jack Boylan fought, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$10. Jack Fles and Andy Hart acted as seconds for Boylan, while Alf. Powers and Jack Smith secured McHugh. A champion pugilist was the referee and a well-known sporting journalist kept the time. In the first round McHugh led off at the chest and scored rapidly until the end. Boylan commenced slowly, but was the better man at the finish. The second round was a very even thing, but Boylan hit straighter than his antagonist. The third round was very fierce, both hitting on the face and ear. At

the end Boylan was bleeding from the nose and McHugh from the mouth. The fourth round saw McHugh take a lead. He ducked several wicked right-handers. In the fifth round McHugh got several blows home on Boylan's face and chest. Boylan countered him every time, and his blows seemed to be more effective. Several times he hit low, and were cautioned by the referee. From this on Boylan gradually took a strong lead, but at the end of the eighth round the referee ordered another bout, and this was so heavy that McHugh showed signs of quitting. The men were ordered to fight the tenth round, but McHugh peremptorily refused to go on, and all the coaxing in the world would not make him alter his mind. The referee then gave Boylan the battle, after it had lasted 36m.

The following challenge was received at the "Police Gazette" office on March 2 from Jack Burke, the Irish Lad:

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 22, 1885.

To Richard K. Fox:

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Sporting men in Washington are eager to witness a glove contest to a finish between Charley Parker and Arthur Frazer, the colored pugilists, who recently fought a draw at Washington. Parker is a finely-developed specimen of humanity, and with proper training would make a match for some of our colored champions.

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## THE REFEREE.

## His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sport-ing Interest.

Every one is well aware that some time ago Teemer, the McKeesport oarsman, published what was called a confession.

He publicly announced that every race he rowed last season, with one exception, were fixed and for no stakes, and that he was under contract with Evan Morris and J. P. Saulson, who arranged his races and manipulated them to make money.

Teemer's statement caused quite a flutter, and the majority believed his admissions, and single-scall matches received a black eye.

A few days ago, J. P. Saulson, of Chicago, in an interview, went for Teemer without gloves, and his statements are spicy, and will interest the thousands who last summer won and lost twice the amount on Teemer's see-saw style of losing and winning races.

Saulson says: "It is absolutely false that Teemer never rowed for stakes last summer. I can appeal to the various stakeholders for all the matches, and by their bank account prove beyond a doubt that in every case the entire stakes as agreed upon by the articles of agreement, which were known to the public, were up. I am at a loss to know why Teemer should make such a rock-  
less statement."

"He has done himself no good by it because it is possible that in the face of such self-criminating admissions, the managers of the approaching New Orleans regatta will debar him from competing in the contests. I know very well that such action is talked of, and it is not to be wondered at. If Teemer admits that he could be engaged to row important races under false pretenses, why, no committee of honest gentlemen will accept his entry for any contest."

"Teemer lost his race with Gaudaur by accident, and Evan Morris and myself lost heavily. Teemer certainly tried to win, and could have done so had the accident to his boat not occurred."

"I think," continues Saulson, "Teemer is the best rower in the world certainly. I think he can give any man at present in America 30 seconds' start in 4 miles and win, and I deem him capable of conceding Hanlan 15 seconds' start in 4 miles, but I don't think that Hanlan will ever row him."

"I know exactly what Teemer can do, and without mentioning his time, and I am certain that he can do what I have just said. But he is extremely simple and foolish, and exceedingly extravagant. His conduct to us proves his ingratitude."

Since the great glove contest at the Adelaide Rink, Toronto, in which Charley Mitchell defeated John F. Scholes, there has been a good deal of argument over the decision of the referee.

It is always the case if the competition or contest results in a reverse to the popular favorite, the admirers of the latter invariably find fault with the referee's flat.

The position of referee is the most unthankful of all sporting responsibilities, because no matter how fairly one may decide the contest in question one cannot please both sides—or their seconds, bottle-holders, and their many admirers.

It is my opinion that when two men are going to enter a contest it should be their aim to select some one competent to fill the position of referee. After that person has been selected the contestants have no more to do than to abide by his decision, whether it is fair or unfair.

If the referee in the Mitchell and Scholes glove contest did not decide fairly and justly (and mind I do not for a moment insinuate that he did not do so), no one was more to blame than Mitchell and Scholes, who selected him to fill that position.

If that official had decided that Scholes won, then Mitchell would have been in the same boat.

In regard to this contest I must say Mitchell'sfeat of knocking Scholes down with a swinging left-hand blow was a wonderful one.

If Scholes had been ten years younger the result might have been different.

It is my opinion Scholes made a fatal mistake in rushing the fight from the start, for although no doubt he felt fresh and strong, he was over-confident in forgetting that this was exactly the game which best suited his youthful opponent, who could well afford to play the defensive for a time at the start.

By this means he could have saved himself and secured a great advantage. The reverse was the case, however, and the ugly hits which gave Mitchell so great and almost fatal an advantage in the second round were got in by him while Scholes was doing what he should have allowed Mitchell to try.

Scholes proved himself a better man than most people gave him credit for, and no one can now cavil at his abilities, and I am certain he lost no prestige by the splendid contest he made against the cleverest pugilist living, and the best save one.

The stupid, lazy horse that drivers call a "lunkhead" has a dull eye, usually a narrow fore-head and contracted poll. He is always a blunderer, forgets himself and stumbles on smooth ground, gets himself and owner into dreadful difficulties, calls himself, is sometimes positively lazy, but often a hard goer. He needs constant care and watchfulness on the driver's part. A buyer of equine flesh should be able to detect the good and bad qualities of the animals he contemplates purchasing. This valuable knowledge is only parts of horse physiognomy.

Paradox still continues to be backed heavily in England to win the Derby. The history of the Derby also brings to the front many a bright example. For instance, Mr. Robertson's Little Wonder, by Muley, the winner in 1841, was a scant 14:34, and in a field of seventeen he is said to have literally won all the way.

In 1852 Daniel O'Rourke, by Irish Bircatcher, was quite a little under 15 hands, yet he captured the Blue Ribbon with twenty-six competitors.

The renowned Whalebone, by Waxy, was said to look like a Turkish pony, yet he not only won the Derby in 1810 but sired three other winners in Moses, Lapdog and Spaniel. He also left such illustrious representatives as Cam'l, Waverley, Sir Hercules, Defiance and Stumps, whose names are imperishably connected with many of the most brilliant horses that have graced the English turf.

I learn that Jack Burke is leaving no stone unturned to induce Paddy Ryan to arrange a match with him, but the stout man who, when he live in Troy, was looked upon as a champion, refuses to arrange a match.

How Ryan expects to keep in the foremost rank of pugilism and refrain from meeting Burke, the Irish Lad, is a mystery to me.

George D. Noremac, who, on Nov. 3, 1884, started to walk 5,100 miles in 100 days, 51 miles each day, on Feb. 26 completed the wonderful feat at Middlethorn Hall, 466 Eighth avenue,

New York. It is reported that Noremac started to accomplish the feat to win a wager of \$1,000 a side made between Herbert Carpenter and Paul Boynton, the latter backing Noremac to beat E. P. Weston's famous feat of walking 5,000 miles in 100 days. If there was a wager dependent on the result it is a wonder that Messrs. Boynton and Carpenter did not appoint official judges, time-keepers, and have a surveyor measure the track, in order that Noremac's performance could be authenticated.

It is to be regretted that Noremac did not, before he started, select a committee who were empowered to select time-keepers and judges to see that he actually completed the feat. He failed to do so, and the result will be that many doubts will be thrown upon his performance. There is not the least doubt in our mind, however, that he has successfully and honestly walked 51 miles a day.

No one without a moment's study can begin to anticipate the unquestionable pluck and endurance, not speaking of the self-denial, necessary for a pedestrian to wearily tramp a distance of 51 miles daily, which is necessary to accomplish a feat of walking 5,100 miles in 100 days.

I understand there is a movement in Boston, favored by the Manchester Union, to elect John L. Sullivan to Congress.

The "Boston Globe" says: "We object. Mr. Sullivan may need discipline, but cannot some milder punishment be decided upon?"

It is at last a certainty that the famous Argonaut four, who won at Watkins, last August, the amateur championship of the continent, will go to England this spring. For a time prospects looked rather blue as far as the trip was concerned. The crew will be McKay, Thompson, Hog and Murphy.

Hanlan's victory over Clifford, the great Australian oarsman, of whom much was expected, has materially raised his reputation in the South Sea.

On the 28th inst., the Canadian will cross oars again with Mr. Beach for a stake of \$5,000. Three weeks after he will again row Clifford for \$5,000. The result of these two races will settle the oarsman championship of the world.

Hanlan keeps in training under Elias Laycock, who coached him for his race with Clifford. Hanlan's friends everywhere are confident that he will defeat Beach as easily as he did Clifford, and some Australians claim that Beach is not a better oarsman than Clifford.

It is now a fixed fact that Bair has given up Chester Park at Cincinnati and leased Belmont Park, near Philadelphia, where he will take Maud S. as soon as mild weather comes. I expect great things of Maud S. in the coming season.

I learn that Yale College is suffering over the recent unexpected marriage of W. N. Goodwin, of Quincy, Cal., formerly of '87 and '88. As a student Goodwin was hardly a success. In '87 he survived until the annuals. In '88, under the new examination scheme, he was dropped at Christmas. In athletics he was very prominent. He was catcher in the Freshman nine, a rusher on the Freshman and University eleven, and one of the greatest sparringers in college. When it leaked out that he and his New Haven bride had left for their California home, it created considerable gossip.

I have been informed that the Columbia Boat Club, of Washington, D. C., intends making a big struggle this year to capture all the leading prizes at regattas held this side of Boston for eights, gigs and senior fours, so that at the close of the season of 1885 they will be looked upon as the champion crews of the United States.

I understand the first appearance of the club in any affair this year will be at Newark, N. J., on Decoration Day, when they will send their senior four, and possibly their eight to meet the pick from Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York.

I am quite certain the Metropolitan baseball team are not as strong this season as last.

The twelve men who will probably compose the Metropolitan Club and defend its championship honors are as follows: Nelson, short-stop; Brady, right field; Roseman, center field; Orr, first base; Troy, second base; Hankinson, third base, Lynch, Bagley and Beaumont, pitchers; Hobert and Heppenheimer, catchers; Kennedy, left field.

Hundreds of letters have been received at this office from ambitious pedestrians who are eager and willing to pay a liberal entrance fee and contend in a 6-day race; and if any spectator would arrange a contest, Fitzgerald, Hanzel, Noremac, Hughes, Panchot and many others would enter.

Richard K. Fox had an idea of arranging a 6-day race for the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which is acknowledged to be the most valuable pedestrian trophy ever offered for competition, and it is not yet settled whether he will do so or not.

The only drawback is the small fortune, \$10,000, required for the rental of Madison Square Garden.

If Harry Maynard desires to keep up hisistic reputation it is my idea that he will have to fight Tom Cleary, the popular pugilist of the Pacific Slope.

Cleary's fighting weight is 142 pounds, walking round, but he nevertheless agrees to reduce his avoidups to 133 pounds and arrange a match to fight Maynard at that weight for \$250 a side and upward.

Further, I understand that Cleary, unlike most pugilists, has a backer, M. A. Smith, who is ready to furnish the sinews of war for Cleary to either fight Maynard, or to match him against any pugilist on the Pacific Coast at 142 pounds for \$500 or \$1,000.

I understand that both Freddie Gebhard and the American contingent in London are backing Eole to win the Newmarket handicap of 1,000 guineas.

Eole is also entered for the Ascot and Epsom gold cups.

Lawn tennis has grown until, in a certain way, it may plant itself as our representative outdoor pastime, and no doubt, its growth has been in great measure at the expense of other amusements.

In this circumstance lies the only rational objection to its establishment, and flourishing in so marked a manner much may be said on behalf of the sufferers, but, withal, the argument leads to one inevitable conclusion.

Rowing men grudge defection by powerful men who forsake the river for tennis.

Veterans of the running path look askance on the diversion which weakens their club's strength, and in one way or another it affects almost all varieties of athletics.

I said recently that all this would lead to an unavoidable position, viz., that those who before devoted themselves to cricket, pedestrianism, rowing, etc., have been offered something which suits them better.

It is essentially a lady's and therefore a social game. Its "fixings" need not be expensive. A very moderate area suffices for its courts, and, while giving croquet the go by as an athletic, compared to a dawdling means of passing time is far more moderate in its requirements than cricket.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

J. H., New York.—No.

M. H. S., Boston.—No.

S. H., Bridgeport, Me.—No.

H. D., Sanborn, Iowa.—No.

M. W., Hartford, Conn.—No.

S. B., Elkhorn, Pa.—No.

E. H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—No.

D. W., New Orleans, La.—Yes.

F. C. T., Naugatuck, Conn.—Yes.

J. M. H., Ipswich, Mass.—Yes. Mac.

P. P., Alpena, Mich.—Thanks for items.

J. M., Newark, N. J.—The three five win.

F. L. D., Princeton, N. J.—Yes, several times.

T. L., Hartford, Conn.—There is no authentic record.

J. B., Chicago.—1. Yes. 2. Sixes are high in poker dice.

A. and K., Staten Island.—The party with a full hand wins.

J. O. T., Brownsville, Texas.—He was born at Brooklyn, E. D.

A. C. B., Massillon, Ohio.—A win: your eye was your market.

F. H. W., Bank of Diana, Dakota.—See answer to T. L., Hartford.

J. W., Woodville, Pa.—Consult some legal authority or a lawyer.

J. M. W., New York.—Have not the official statistics of the armadas.

H. L. N., St. Louis, Mo.—We can send you all the rules on receipt of \$1.

C. J. F., Berwick, Ills.—Messrs. Scott & Co., 721 Broadway, New York city.

S. M. B., Washington, D. C.—The parties named by you are unknown to us.

CONSTANT READER, Springfield, Ill.—Send \$1 and we will furnish you all rules.

A. O. H., City.—Have sent you portrait; will furnish book on receipt of 75c.

J. S., Dayton, Ohio.—Send on a forfeit with your challenge and it will be published.

BILL, Houston, Texas.—Write publisher *Builder and Wood Worker*, New York city.

A. H. K., M. T.—Send your request with name and address to our advertising department.

J. V. C., Chicago, Ill.—Most certainly not; if it was it could not be advertised in these columns.

A. READER, New York.—John L. Sullivan knocked out Steve Taylor before he fought John Flood.

J. K. F., Northbridge, Mass.—1. Apply at a recruiting office in Boston. 2. Send on your photo.

D. S., Rochester, N. Y.—John Morrissey and Joe Coburn were never matched to fight for the championship.

WILLIAM WILSON, Albany, N. Y.—Your best plan to find an amateur is to advertise in the *POLICE GAZETTE*.

E. L. H., Harlem.—We do not endorse any advertiser, and we cannot recommend one in preference to another.

E. M., Borden, N. J.—W. B. Curtis, of the New York Athletic Club, has lifted 3,300 lbs in harness and 1,300 lbs hand-lift.

M. H., Dallas.—The *POLICE GAZETTE* has nothing to do with lotteries. Apply to some other source for information concerning them.

G. M., Baltimore, Md.—Garfield (1880), 4,454,416 votes; Hancock, 4,445,854 votes; Hayes (1876), 4,033,703 votes; Tilden, 4,365,893 votes.

INTELLIGENCE, Gloucester City, N. J.—You ought to have intelligence enough not to apply to us to direct you where to purchase goods illegal of Boston.

T. M. K., Boston, Mass.—1. Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, and Charley Mitchell, fought a draw in England. 2. London prize ring rules, bare knuckles.

E. H. N., Ravenna, W. Va.—We do not know where you can get group pictures. John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York, has a collection of individual players.

JAMES R. GRIMES, Wyoming, Luzerne Co., Pa.—We cannot give you the address of any member of Co. I. Seventh regiment of U. S. Infantry, serving from 1863 to 1865.

WM. B., Shannon, Ill.—Billy Madden trained John L. Sullivan for his contest with Paddy Ryan. Bob Farrell, Pete McCoy and Joe Goss assisted a few weeks prior to the contest.

J. F. C., Burlington, Vt.—Mike Cleary and Jack Burke boxed 4 rounds. "Police Gazette" rules, in Irving Hall, New York. Two referees were selected, one declared the contest a draw, the other declared Burke the winner.



A PIT IN A PARLOR CAR.

THE RATILING CONTEST FOUGHT OUT AND WON ON THE WAY HOME FROM WASHINGTON BY THE GAME-COCK GROVER CLEVELAND.

#### Two Catamount Stories.

Field Cox, living at Dansville, Susquehanna county, Pa., a few mornings ago heard a great noise in his barn-yard. While he was putting on his coat to go out and see what the trouble was his wife ran to the window, and, looking out, shouted to Mr. Cox to hurry up, as a strange dog was fighting with their dog. Cox hurried out of the house and discovered that, instead of a strange dog, a catamount was fighting with his dog. Cox had no gun, and started for a neighbor's to borrow one. While he was gone Mrs. Cox saw that the catamount was getting the better of the dog, and, fearing that the latter would be killed before her husband's return, she ran into the yard, and, taking a stake from a hay-rigging, went to the dog's aid. As she approached the combatants the catamount suddenly released its hold upon the dog and sprang at Mrs. Cox, who met it with a blow

from the stake, which knocked it back on the snow. She followed up her advantage, and when her husband returned he saw the catamount stretched dead in the yard and his wife caring for the wounds it had inflicted on the dog.

The severe weather has forced catamounts into extremely bold measures to procure food in that region, and many have fallen victims to their necessities. A very large one was captured near Steven's Point, on the Jefferson branch of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, recently. It is supposed to have been one that had aided in the recent killing of forty sheep in the vicinity. Its tracks were followed by a man named Snow, and they led to a den in the rocks on the Wright farm. Snow set at the mouth of the den two strong fox-traps, and on returning to the spot next day discovered an enormous catamount caught by a foreleg in one trap and a hindleg in the other. It had evidently been in the traps a long time,

but was still so active and ferocious that it attempted to spring on Snow as he approached it. He fired six pistol-balls into it, and taking hold of the long chain attached to the traps dragged it a mile through the snow to his house. It was then still alive and fierce, and was thrown, with the traps still hanging to it, into the cellar. The next day when Snow went into the cellar the animal still showed fight, and he got a rifle and shot it through the head. The six pistol-balls were found in its head and neck.

#### A Curious Game of Chance.

Dropping into the private office of a big firm of brokers recently a GAZETTE reporter found the principals, together, with a number of friends, absorbed in a curious game of chance. On the table round which the players were gathered there was a small, oblong box. A railing ran around the edges and the lid was

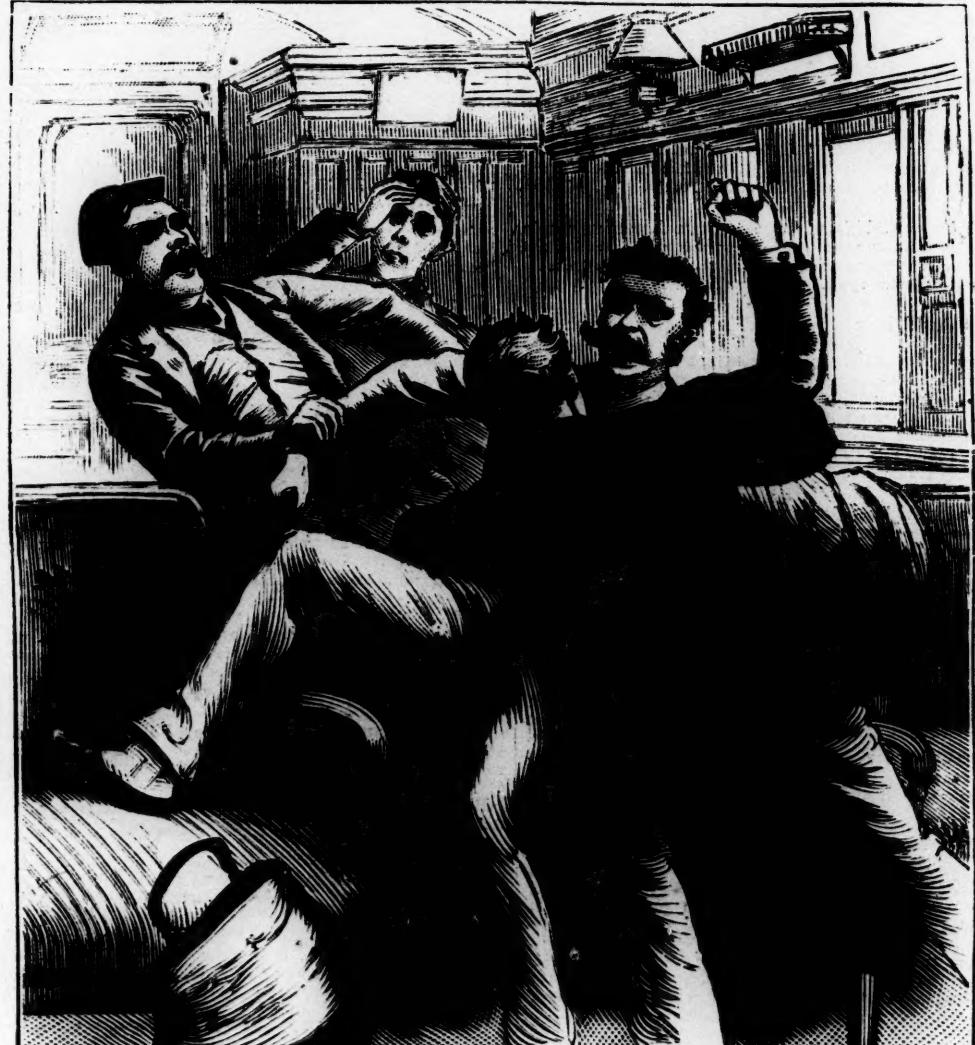
punctured with holes. Four lumps of sugar, numbered from one to four, were laid on this box, and the players watched them sedulously.

By and by a cockroach emerged from one of the holes and crawled up the lump of sugar marked number two. Instantly one of the observers scooped a sum of money from off the table. He had bet on number two, and these were his winnings.

The reported watched the curious game for an hour, during which a good deal of cash changed hands, and not a word was uttered. A certain cockroach which lost to one player nearly \$200 was incontinently assassinated by the unfortunate broker, who crucified it with a penknife.

"Is this game popular all along the street?" he asked of one of the gamblers.

"It is only played at two or three offices. In the summer we use flies; in winter cockroaches have to be utilized. You see it's perfectly fair, because the bug acts independently and impartially."



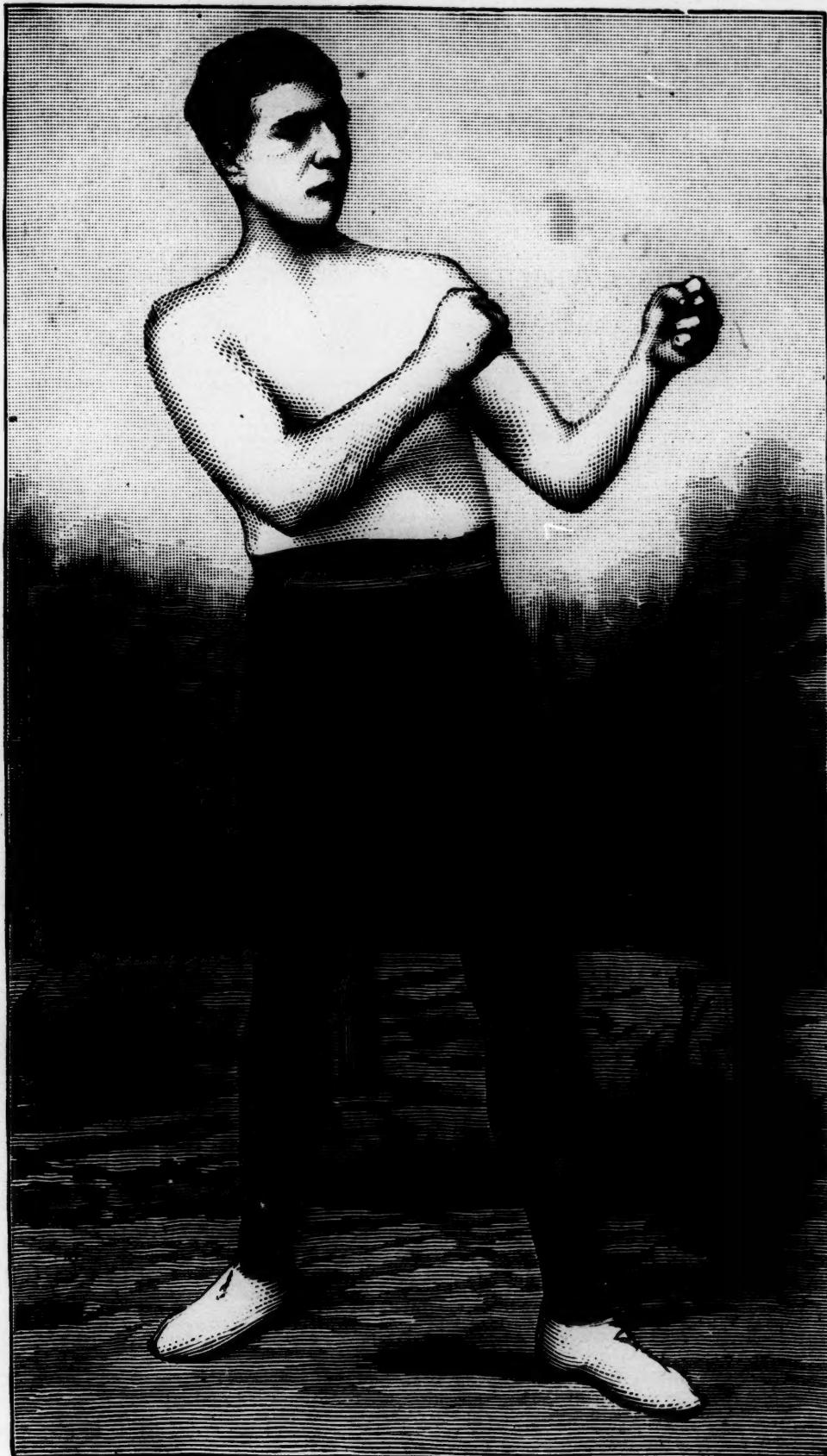
CRAZED BY POLITICS.

ONE OF THE VISITORS TO THE INAUGURATION GOES MAD IN A PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD STATION AND CAUSES A CIRCUS.



WORTH HER WEIGHT IN WILDCATS.

THE DESPERATE AND SUCCESSFUL BATTLE WAGED WITH A CATAMOUNT BY A PLUCKY WOMAN IN DANSVILLE, PA.



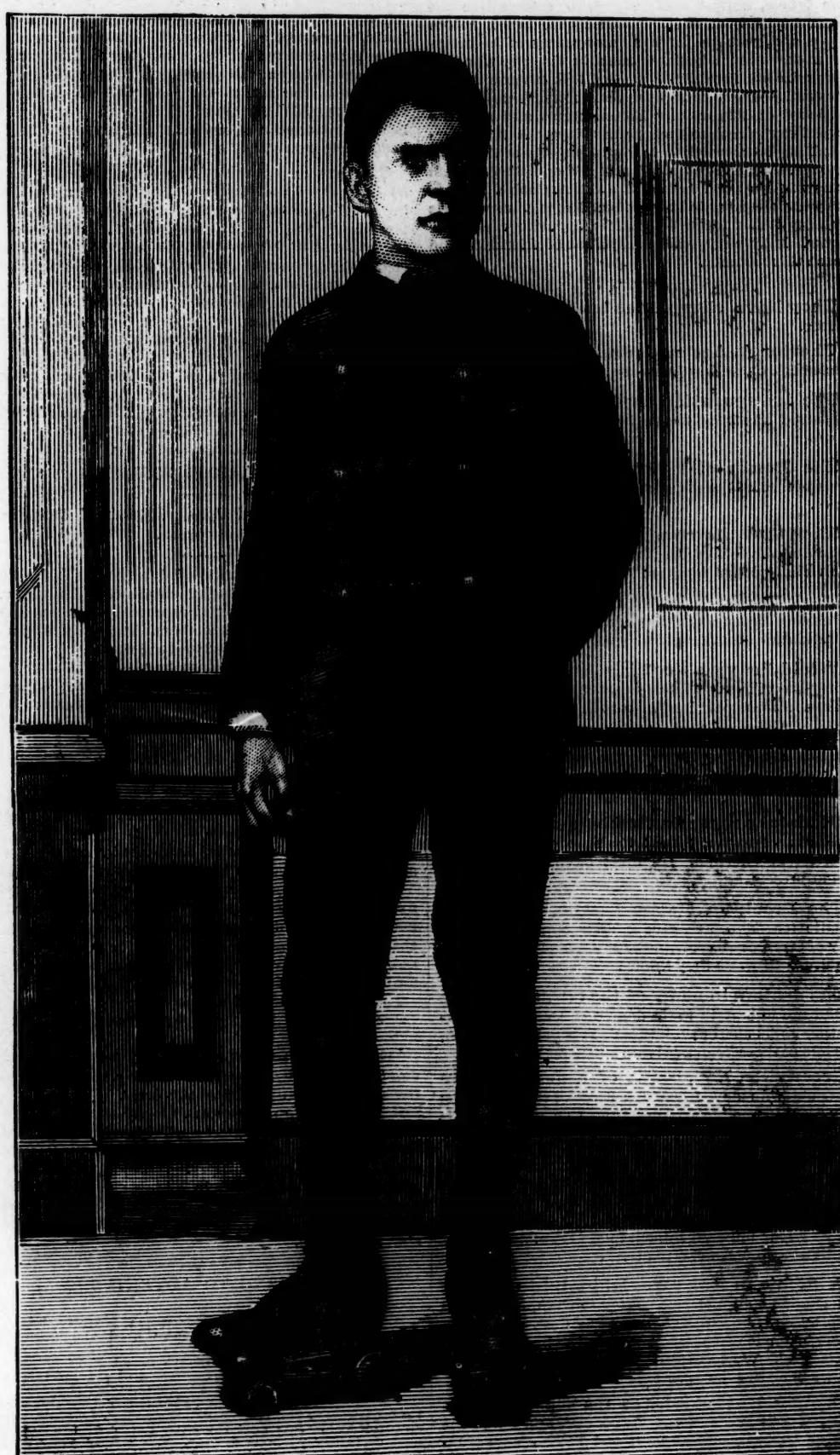
WILLIAM GABIG,

THE RAPIDLY ADVANCING PITTSBURG PUGILIST WHO MADE SPRINGALL LOWER HIS COLORS.  
[Photo by John Wood.]



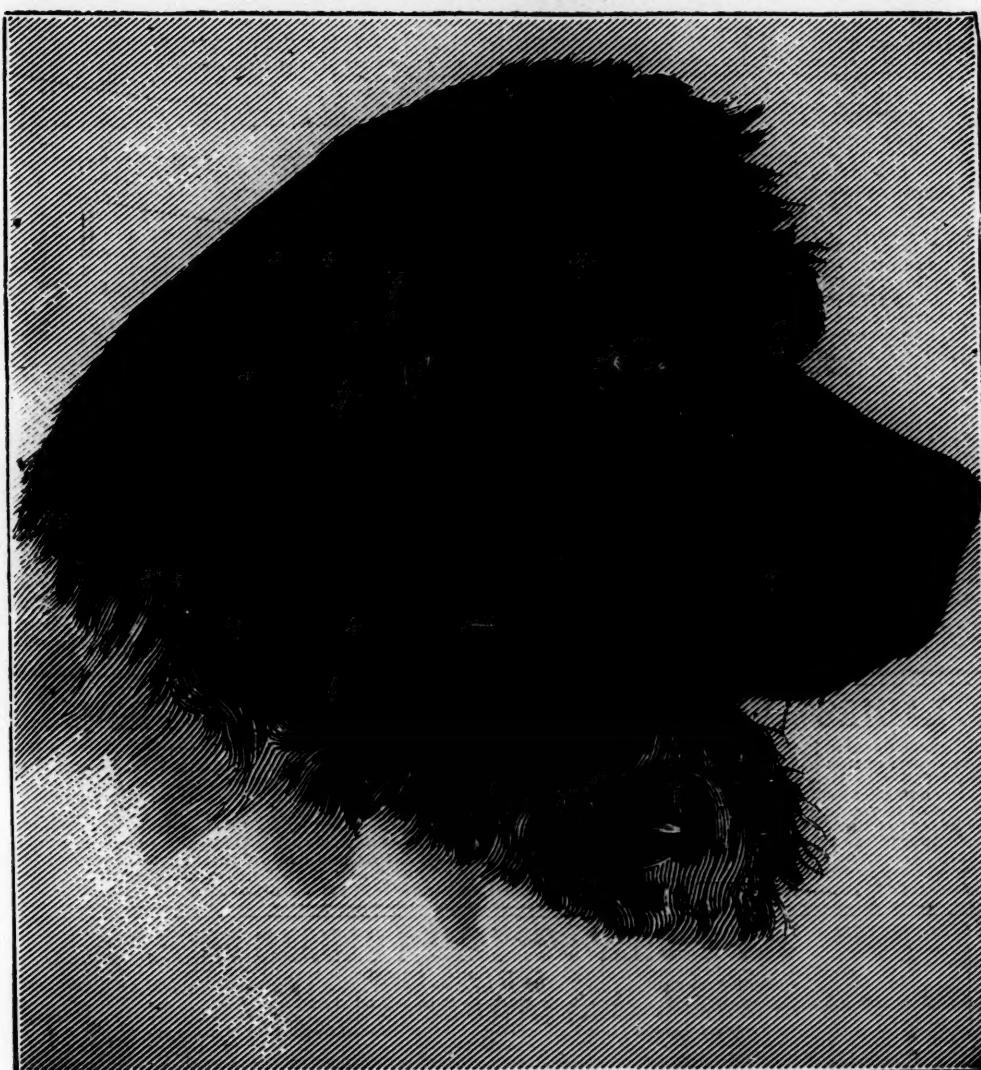
J. L. MALONE,

THE CHAMPION POOL-PLAYER OF THE UNITED STATES.



HARRY LYONS,

THE WONDERFUL AND INVINCIBLE CHAMPION BOY ROLLER-SKATER OF IRVINGTON, N. J.  
[Photo by John Wood.]

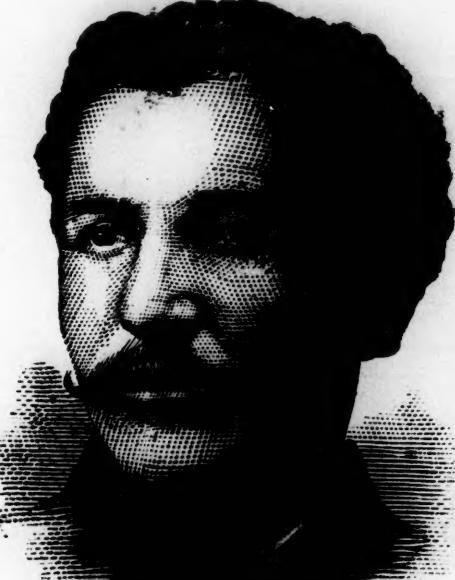


SAILOR,

A SPLENDID ST. BERNARD DOG, THE PROPERTY OF MR. J. S. SMYTH, OF BROOKLYN.

## BEFORE THE BAR.

Massachusetts Early-Closing Bill--Hop Growers on the Jump for Dishonest Brewers--The Decoration Rage--Democratic Cocktails, Etc.



WILLIAM A. MORROW.

The pleasure-seeker who takes a run down to Brighton Beach the coming season will find the worthy Billy Morrow in charge of the festive spirits at the Hotel Brighton, with an able staff composed of Billy Devine, the original captain of that immense bar, Johnny Flauburne, Johnny Daly and Bob McKee, who will give their close attention to the thirsty thousands who may linger by the seaside. Mr. Morrow is well known in the trade and among men about town. There are many of the older statesmen who have represented the people at Albany who will remember the bright, curly-haired boy who attended to the cigar business at the Delevan House in his native town, and, perhaps, there are many more of the prominent down-town business men in this city who will recognize his face at the head of this column as the cheerful young man who for years conducted the large business of Rudolph's on Fulton street and also the Broadway branch in their palmy days. A few years ago Billy Morrow crossed over to the City of Churches and opened a handsome *cafe* on Montague street, which is now in the good hands of John A. Cooke. Of late Billy has attended to the wants of Kings county affairs at Loughran's big headquarters opposite the court house. Billy may expect a cyclone of friends at the beach this summer.

They have changed the brand at the White House.

Chester A. Arthur is again one of the festive circle before the New York bar.

The inauguration business at Washington surpassed anything in the history of the American bar.

The Democratic victors have returned to their homes and settled down to straight drinks once more.

The 4th of March was a very cold day for St. John and the rest of the Prohibitionists, especially in the vicinity of Washington.

Mark Twain finds two glasses of champagne admirable for loosening the tongue, and a happy inspiration for an after-dinner speech.

"Gold," says a Georgia editor, "is found in thirty-six counties in this State, silver in three, diamonds in twenty-six and whisky in all of them."

There are quite a number of fashionable women in this city who buy costly cologne to drink. It may sweeten their breath, but it's more likely to shorten it.

Gladstone regards wine in moderate quantities as necessary to him at the time of the greatest intellectual exertion. He must have to use a little just at present.

The Brooklyn Excise League, a society of fanatic tea advocates, give as their opinion that the City of Churches have some 1,000 saloons more than is required. How do they know?

The dealers in many of the towns along the Sound are urgent in their demands that the roller-skating rinks shall pay licenses. It is quite right, too, as some of them keep a private bottle for the boys.

Greenville, Ky., boasts of a man fifty-five years old who never tasted a drop of whisky. This may seem incredible coming from Kentucky, but it is strictly true. He says gin and brandy and rum are good enough for him.

In France, where intemperance is rare, the consumption of alcohol is 1,400,000 litres per annum, and the number of drink shops about 400,000, or one to every four hundred inhabitants. Prohibition could not live in the French climate.

A Michigan man says eight ministers out of ten drink liquor before entering the pulpit. This is nothing new, as it has always been the custom with most good public speakers to take a "bracer" before starting off. We have not the least objection to this, but we have to a dry sermon.

Deputy United States marshals raided a tin-shop at 80 Essex street, last week, and found the proprietor, Morris Rosenthal, and his employee, Jacob Japelstein, making rum. The place was regularly fitted up with a still. A deputy collector had noticed that for weeks molasses kegs had been delivered at the tin-shop. Rosenthal was held in \$2,000, and Japelstein in \$1,000.

Five men leaned up against the bar for a nightcap. One drank whisky because the doctor ordered it; two others drank a hot Scotch because they couldn't sleep a wink without it; a fourth drank brandy for his cholera morbus, and the fifth man drank whisky because he liked it. And there were only four livers in the crowd.

A movement is on foot by the hop-growers in the central part of this State to have a bill passed requiring brewers to label all kegs and barrels containing beer, stating the component part of the beer. They claim that in the distilling there is so much adulteration, and, consequently, that hops and wheat are not extensively used. We do not think any respectable brewer will object to this.

The local option law of Maryland has a provision requiring a physician to write in ink all his prescriptions for liquor, and to record them fully for the inspection of the State Attorney, who, by the way, is a very liberal man. The temperance cranks have just taken a tumble, and will make a test case against the good-natured doctor who gave prescriptions to all his friends who asked for them. They have no less than six indictments against him at present.

Newcomb & Buchanan's distilleries, covering thirteen acres, were sold on the 5th inst. at Louisville, Ky., at public auction. Mr. J. H. Lindenberger, a local banker, representing a syndicate of creditors, mainly in New York, purchased the Anderson and Nelson distilleries for \$100,500, and the pump-house for \$17,500. The George C. Buchanan distillery was purchased by the same party for \$12,500. The Monk distillery of Julius Barkhouse, Louisville, sold for \$30,500. The property will be held by the purchasers until it increases in value, and will then be sold, remaining idle in the meantime.

The rage for decoration in regard to bar-rooms has already gone too far. They are so bedaubed, gilded and carved that they tire the eye and outrage all sense of harmony and color. This craze has been caught by every corner shopkeeper, until now there are few of those cozy old places which were such comfortable resting spots to the weary. And the worst features of these gaudy *cafes* are the absurd and unjustifiable charges, as fifteen cents for a glass of seltzer and twenty cents for a bottle of plain soda, which are paid without protest by the gentlemen before the bar, who suppose it's necessary to bear the expense of the discordant array of colors.

Consumers of "non-alcoholic" drinks in England have been startled to find that they are not by any means total abstainers. One of the temperance drunks, known as Summer's Beer, was found to contain 5.80 per cent. of alcohol, though made from dry herbs, water and sugar only. The internal revenue authorities arrested the proprietor, but the magistrates discharged him on the ground that beer, within the meaning of the act, meant malt and hops. It was stated that table beer contained from 2½ to 8 per cent., lager beer from 6 to 12, and Bass' ale from 10 to 12 per cent. of alcohol.

The lower branch of the Massachusetts Legislature passed a bill last week providing for the closing of all liquor saloons by a vote of 120 to 77. The bill provides that no sale of liquors shall be made between the hours of 11 o'clock P. M. and 6 o'clock A. M., nor on Sundays, except that if the licensee is licensed as an inn-holder he may supply liquor to guests who have resorted to his house for food or lodging. A bill was also passed to be engrossed exempting the Mayor of Boston from signing liquor licenses. These two bills, before becoming laws, have, however, to get the sanction of the upper branch of the Legislature, whose members object to retire so early. Consequently it is quite likely that the early closing bill especially will meet its death in their hands.

## A LEGISLATOR'S BLUNDER.

He Gets Badly Mixed Upon a Matter of Feminine Underwear.

The other day a middle-aged lady with a parasol went into the House of Representatives at Elko, Nev., and sat down to watch the proceedings and listen to the eloquence of the members. Presently a page thrust a note into her hand and she read:

"What's the color of your socks? —, of Elko."

The lady turned several colors, and, calling the page, asked who sent the note. The page pointed to Mr. —, and soon afterward there was an adjournment. After the Chamber was nearly cleared, the middle-aged lady walked up to Mr. —, and laying the note down on his desk, said, in savage tones:

"Did you write that note, sir?"

Mr. — blushed several colors and stammered out that he didn't know.

The lady asked him what he meant by asking her, an entire stranger, such an insulting question.

Mr. — was altogether too broken up to reply, and finally called the page up and threatened to break his neck for getting him into such a scrape. He finally charged the whole thing on the page, and declared the note a bold forgery. The lady was last seen looking for the page for a further accounting.

The accident occurred in this way:

A woman came into the lobby and sent Mr. — the following note:

"Mr. —, of Elko. —. Want to see you awful bad, and don't you forget it; you will know me when you get in the hall. I have on a brown silk dress."

Mr. — wrote an answer as follows:

"What's the color of your socks?" and called up, as he supposed, the same page who brought him the note but was another page entirely. He said to him:

"Give it to that woman in a brown silk," and the page seeing a woman in a brown silk, sitting near Stearns' desk, carried it over to her, with the results above described.

## INTERESTING TO ADVERTISERS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 5, 1885.

During the few weeks I have used the POLICE GAZETTE as an advertising medium, has brought me 1,000 applications for goods from every State and Territories in the United States, Canada, and foreign lands. How many of these was associated with the newspaper press for many years, I must say that the excellent character and widespread diversity of circulation stamp it as the foremost Sporting Paper of the world and certainly without a peer. Long may your flag wave over the Franklin Square Publishing House.

DAVID H. LAWSON,  
General Supply and Purchasing Agency, Phila., Pa.

To accommodate the visitors to Washington to witness the inaugural ceremonies, the Pennsylvania

Railroad has never been so taxed since the Centennial Exposition. The trains were run on the shuttle principle. A fresh engine and crew were waiting at each terminus to take them back as soon as they were emptied, and comparatively few blocks were formed between Jersey City and Baltimore, and notwithstanding twenty-one extra trains were run daily, not a single accident occurred, which sustains the high reputation of the P. R. R. has attained as to absolute comfort and safety.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

In future the columns of the GAZETTE will close on Wednesday, in lieu of Thursday. Our patrons will be governed accordingly.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

## IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled.

Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value.

Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence.

Estimated submitted upon application.

A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements ..... \$1.00 per line.

Reading Notices ..... 2.00

Copy for advertisements must be in by Wednesday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue.

The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages of 4 columns, measuring 14½ inches each, and 2½ inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

Address all communications

RICHARD K. FOX  
New York

## WINES, LIQUORS &amp; CIGARS

J. Reilly, 91 South St., N. Y., Wholesale Dealer in Fine Brandies, Wines and Cigars, Champagnes, Scotch and London Porter, also Dealer in Pennsylvania Rye and Kentucky Bourbon Whisky. N. B.—Family Trade a Specialty. Mail orders promptly attended to.

RICHARD K. FOX  
New York

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

Notice to Sporting Men.—elite Size Pictures of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 206 Broadway, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer.

"AH, THERE!" Just Six Spicy Pictures, natural as life, showing a young married couple in all sorts of antics. By mail, 30c. Pocket-book free with every order. Address G. T. WILSON, Box 322, Philadelphia, Pa.

GENUINE FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS, Male and Female, taken from nature. Red-hot, in sets of 3, sent by mail for \$1. Genuine fancy pictures, guaranteed, 3 sets, \$2. W. Scott, 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

A Portrait of John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, and Paddy Ryan, ex-champion of America, sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 10 one-cent stamps.

The Broome-Hannan Prize Fight, a splendid large engraving, magnificently colored, will be sent with the Key, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of 50c. RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, New York City.

The Heenan and Sayers Prize Fight, with Key, both pictures suitable for framing, sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25c. RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, New York City.

ENTS, 53 R. H. photos inside of playing cards. A1 quality. Actually Imported; very scarce, \$1. MARTIN PUB. CO., 54 Pine St., N. Y.

Tom Sayers' Battles, colored, sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25c. RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, New York City.

Good Chance! A lot of Cleveland and Hendricks' pictures for sale very cheap. Address P. O. Box 40, New York City.

12 BIJOU PHOTOS of popular actresses in stained-glass attitudes, 50 cents; can't be beat. STAR CO., Manayunk, Pa.

20 Spicy Photos (from nature). New, 10c. (all over). Secured. BOX TOX NOVELTY CO., Foxboro, Mass.

## CARDS.

Poker!—If you want to win at Cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. BROWN & CO., Salem, N. H.

## DUFFY'S PURÉ Malt Whiskey.

Absolutely Pure and Unadulterated. Entirely Free from FUSIL OIL.

FUSIL OIL.—Do you know what it is? Ask your Physician or Druggist and he will tell you IT IS A DEADLY POISON.

Positive Sure Cure for Malaria, Pulmonary Complaints, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, Bronchial Troubles, General Debility, Loss of Mental Power and all Wasting Diseases. Endorsed by over 3,500 Physicians and Chemists. Invaluable as a STIMULANT AND TONIC in Typhoid Fever, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, and all low forms of Disease. THE RECOGNIZED

ANTIDOTE FOR CHOLERA.

We are the only concern in the United States who are bottling and selling to the Medical Profession and Drug Trade an absolutely Pure Malt Whiskey, one that is free from FUSIL OIL and that is not only found on the sideboards of the best families in the country, but also in the physician's dispensing room.

DR. ARENDT, the great German Chemist, says:—"I have made an analysis of your PURÉ MALT WHISKEY, which gave a very gratifying result. Your Malt Whiskey, obtained mostly by extract of malt conversion and a very careful fermentation and distillation, is entirely free from fusil oil and any of those similarly obnoxious alcohol which are so often found in whiskey. I therefore, RECOMMEND IT TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Prof. VON VONDER, writes:—"Purity itself, Duffy's Malt Whiskey, is the purest liquor that I have ever analyzed. I must therefore unqualifiedly recommend it to the medical profession."

The late HARVEY L. BYRD, M. D., President of the Faculty, and Professor of the Baltimore Medical College, says:—"I find it remarkably free from fusil oil and other objectionable materials so often found in the whiskies of the present day."

JAMES J. O'DEA, M. D., of Staten Island, the author of several works on insanity, writes:—"When I prescribe an alcohol stimulant, I order your fa-

mous Malt Whiskey, I know it to be wholesome, clean and unadulterated."

PHED. H. SAWERS, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y., a graduate of the leading European colleges, says:—"I prescribe your Malt Whiskey in my practice here, consider it a very superior reliable article and can heartily recommend it in low states of fevers, acute inflammations, and depressing maladies generally, and also as a tonic in feeble digestion and convalescence from acute diseases, where an alcoholic stimulant is indicated, and especially in Phthisis Pulmonalis."

IN FACT, IT IS A BEVERAGE AND MEDICINE COMBINED.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—WE WILL on receipt of SIX DOLLARS,

send to any address in the United States (East of the Rocky Mountains), all Express Charges prepaid a plain case (a avoiding all opportunity for comment)

containing Six Quart bottles of our PURÉ MALT WHISKEY, and with it in

writing, and under the Seal of the Company a SURE and POSITIVE CURE for

CONSUMPTION and other WASTING DISEASES in their early stages. This

Formula has been prepared especially for us by the great German Scientist, Dr. Von Vonders.

It can be prepared by any family housekeeper at slight expense (Raw Beefsteak and our





"HERE GOES!"

THE VARIOUS WAYS IN WHICH THE DEMON DRINK GRACEFULLY AND INSINUATINGLY ASSERTS HIMSELF.

I.—A TENDERFOOT SWALLOWS A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION. II.—"AMONG GENTLEMEN, SAH!" III.—A ROAD HOUSE QUARTET.